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LITVINOV'S RECALL

by the Editors

WITH CHINA'S GUERILLAS

An eye-witness account of the 18th Group Army, by Lt. George Uhlmann

GRASS ROOTS AND POISON IVY

A report on Midwest Republicanism, by Frank Ryhlick

THE CHURCH IN A PEOPLE'S WAR

by Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman

NEW OUTLOOK IN CANADA

by Norman Freed

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

SEVERAL weeks ago, upon the completion of Sasha Molodchy's diary, "The Man Who Bombed Berlin," we asked our readers how they felt about running serials as long as that (five installments) in NM. The score thus far is five against, twenty for. The "ayes" would seem to have it.

At the moment we have no such lengthy serials on tap, although we are pleased to announce that V. J. Jerome will contribute a series of articles on Marxism and the War, and also a discussion of a subject that is currently arousing a good deal of interest: the treatment of the Communist in fiction. And we hope to publish shortly, probably in the next issue, the second of Louis Budenz' articles on American labor today. We have also been promised additional reports on America's Middle West, by Frank Ryhlick, whose first article, "Grass Roots and Poison Ivy," appears on page 12 of this issue. As you will see, it has to do with the Republican Party in that region—his next piece will deal with the Democrats.

PLEASE, may we talk about the weather? Everybody else is talking about the weather, and this writer has something to say. This writer can remember *much* hotter summers. They were in Washington, D.C., and anyone who has lived there during the summer will tell you that the Deep South isn't so bad, after all, if you're talking about climate. One particular July, I remember, the air-cooled Capitol buildings were the most bearable spots in town. With the result that Congress, which was still in session, played to full galleries. People came and looked at their representatives and senators for hours at a time. Sitting in the galleries, you had to look at them and listen to them—for there were rigid restrictions against amusing yourself in any other way: no smoking, no talking, no knitting, no doodling. So the people in the galleries could only watch, and there really wasn't very much to see that summer. Most of the work went on off the floor, in committees.

So then, for a change, you would watch the people in the galleries who were watching the congressmen. The most interesting were the tourists—people who either didn't know or didn't care about the Washington heat, and had come long distances during their summer vacations to "visit the Capital." They always stood still for a moment just after they had come in the door, looking over the entire House or Senate, a little excited. But after they had sat for a while, they'd go back and whisper to the doorman. "Which one is Bilbo?" they'd ask. Or: "Which one is Cotton Ed Smith?" Or Martin Dies . . . or Rankin? . . . or Thorkelson? (Before Huey Long was killed the favorite query, I'm told, was, "Where is the Kingfish?" And before that, "Which one is Tom-Tom Heflin?")

Not that any of these were heroes—they were curiosities. These were the comedians, the cut-ups, the bad boys. They were always in the papers and weren't they funny, you'd never think congressmen would act like that, would you? And besides, they were monsters. Not so many people realized that then, well before the war, but they were becoming aware of it. And you might fear and hate a monster, but still you want to know what he looks like. Besides, the debate on the floor was dull.

Of course there were progressive men in that Congress; there have been some, often several, in all Congresses. But they had no card tricks, they pulled no stunts and promised no miracles. It was the little Hitlers, the funny little exhibitionists with their screaming mouths and mad slogans—these were the ones that got the attention. They were funny, all right, as funny as Adolf himself. I wonder how the visitors to the galleries acted this summer—how they looked when they said, "Which one is Dies?" I bet they didn't sound amused. . . . Adolf has done a lot to the world's sense of humor.

EXCUSE us: what we started out to tell you was that we have seen much hotter summers than the present one in New York, and the hottest of all were in Washington, D. C. Some day, maybe, Bruce Minton, our Washington editor, will break down and write us a dispatch about it. He's been saved for the present, however, by a two-week vacation in a cooler locale —which means that we shall have to do without any dispatches from him for this issue and the next. The same goes for William Gropper, whose page cartoon appears every week outside of vacation time. Before he left, the people of and around his home town of Croton, N. Y., had a chance to see a new kind of display of his work. It was at the Croton War Fair, depicting the community's participation in the struggle against the Axis. Gropper did a map of the world, a map large enough to show Croton's place in the world and its contributions to the war. The Fair, incidentally, was sponsored by every local organization and involved practically every one of the 4,300 residents. The proceeds went to the national war fund.

DO YOU have an *Encyclopedia Brittanica* in your home? Do you have one that takes up too much space, that is an agony on moving day, that you don't really use except once in a blue moon? Have you ever said to yourself, "I wish I could lend those volumes out permanently or for a good long time?" The answer is easy: NEW MASSES wants them. Seriously, we are very much in need of an *Encyclopedia Brittanica* (never mind what edition) and they cost far more than our budget can afford. Anyone who can part with his, either as a gift or for a small sum, will be doing us a favor that we'd appreciate tremendously.

CORRECTION: It was stated in Joseph Starobin's article "The Heart of Foreign Policy," published several weeks ago, that much of Walter Lippmann's book *U.S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic*, had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. We are informed by the publishers of Mr. Lippmann's book, Little, Brown & Co., that no excerpts from the book appeared in that magazine.

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THIS WEEK — August 31, 1943

NEW MASSES SPOTLIGHT

Litvinov's Recall The Editors 3
Editorial Comment 4
The Free German Committee Claude Cockburn 8
When and Where? Colonel T. 9
New Outlook for Canada Norman Freed 10

Grass Roots and Poison Ivy Frank Ryhlick 12
With China's Guerrillas Lieut. George Uhlmann 15
The Church in a People's War Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman 21
Words For All Proud People Joseph Joel Keith 22
"Why Don't You Go Back Where You Came From." Richard O. Boyer 23

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Concepts of Nationalism Morris U. Schappes 24
World Odyssey Sally Alford 26
The Greeks Fight On Demetrios Christophorides 27
Good and Evil Harry Taylor 29
"The Aleutians" Daniel Prentiss 30

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LITVINOV'S RECALL

By The Editors

THE retirement of Maxim Litvinov from his mission to Washington is hardly, as the insensible and conniving men portray it, the end of the coalition. Neither does it intimate a basic alteration of Soviet policy toward the United States and Great Britain. It can be judged accurately as a diplomatic token of serious discontent, of displeasure with the vacillation of two leading powers in fulfilling both their promises and obligations. Americans will understand it as such, for they know that Litvinov's largest ambition, in addition to others, was to hasten the opening of a second front. And the announcement of his withdrawal at the moment when the President and Mr. Churchill meet in Quebec, dramatically throws the issue into their laps and challenges them to act—if they have not already determined to do so.

If they have not, then we will be faced eventually with a grave crisis which must surely affect the ultimate outcome of the war. Russians undoubtedly are eager to forestall a crisis and they therefore take the initiative in calling for a tripartite conference to deal with the overriding question of how to gain victory this year, to settle any differences that make for delay. This Soviet summons to what would be a concentrated session on the second front should make us think deep and think fast. The overtone of the call is that the Anglo-American elements of the coalition have been acting thus far too exclusively in their own narrowly conceived interests. There have been six meetings between Mr. Roosevelt and the British Prime Minister but none, insists the Soviet labor periodical, the *War and the Working Class*, which has as yet "resulted in the solution of the paramount problem relating to the fulfillment of the pledge of our Anglo-American allies in the war against the common foe. . . . The Quebec conference is of great importance to the whole anti-Hitler coalition. But as is evident from its composition, the Quebec conference does not as yet reflect the viewpoint of the entire Anglo-Soviet-American coalition."

WHILE London and Washington have been acting in concert in the past, theirs has also been an inclination to make decisions and then send an emissary to the Kremlin to inform it of their content. Even in the reports from the Quebec sessions it has been generally assumed that Mr. Eden would eventually travel to Moscow and tell Mr. Stalin what his chiefs have decided. This is not especially new. It has happened several times before. A most recent example was apparent from Mr. Churchill's address in Congress, last May. There an unfortunate tone marred his otherwise shrewd remarks. It was that the United States and Great Britain—instead of inviting the United Nations to help them think—were thinking for all the United Nations. While it is true that Mr. Churchill then paid tribute to the Russians as bearing the brunt of the fighting, it came as an afterthought and was not stated with the same sense of partnership with which he defined his feelings for the United States.

This hardly makes for coalition planning. It often results in bilateral action that not infrequently eclipses coalition action. Nor is it satisfactory to claim in reply that the Russians were invited to meetings but chose not to be present. It is known that the Russians were not called to Quebec nor could they participate in conferences which the Japanese could easily construe as a Soviet declaration of hostilities. The only consultations which Moscow can join in are those which would decide the speed and extent of warfare in Europe and that is what it now hopes our country and Great Britain will agree to do.

The exclusiveness with which the two Western allies have operated without consulting the Soviet Union is illustrated in the organization of Amgot. There have also been occasions when Washington moved independently of both the British and the Russians; and when the British took steps without soliciting the opinions of the Americans and the Russians. All this can reach the point of chaos, as, for example, in the case where the Soviet emissary to the French Liberation Committee was not permitted by Anglo-American officials to enter Algiers. This lack of united policy finds the British and the Russians prepared to recognize the French Committee while the State Department dallies; or it finds the British and the Russians at war with Finland while the United States continues to remain neutral.

THERE is an urgent need then for cohesion, for joint responsibility in a collectively developed policy. We can start here at home by demanding that the State Department be rid of its egotism, of its sense of superiority; that it rid itself of policies formulated at an earlier stage of the war when our prime contribution was lend-lease aid. This assumption of superiority rests on the illusion that we are the only reservoir of equipment and manpower and that we can at any time step in and dictate the answer to all the coalition's headaches. The result has been muddled relations and angered co-workers.

If unilateral action by the United States becomes a dominant policy—or if Washington and London persist in making exclusive arrangements—then we have good cause for anxiety both for the victory and the peace to follow. If exclusive action is the way some specialists in statecraft think they can wage a war, then they are embarking on a road full of treacherous pitfalls. The country will find the appeasers leaping forward to betray the nation's interests and cut it off from union with the democratic peoples of the world. Because of her faith in these democrats and because of the unmatched prestige gained from having been the only power to have undermined the Hitlerites, the Soviet Union's moral position on the continent will be unshakable. And to our detriment the United States will be charged with having shattered the grand alliance and surrendered the professions of the Atlantic Charter.

THIS is the danger that rises from incomplete understanding of what a coalition is. But it is a danger that need not and will not happen if we wage a coalition war to shorten the conflict. Our enemies within the country—the enemies of the coalition—are only as strong as the masses of people will allow them to be. The President, sensitive to every current that swirls through the nation, can act with decision only if the counter currents moving against him are dammed up, isolated, and pumped out of our national life. The appeasers are losing no time. Theirs is a strategy of obstructing coalition warfare, of delaying the opening of the second front. They have greased and oiled their big guns and now fire barrage after barrage at the Soviet Union—much as does the Nazi artillery. Their ammunition is the differences among friends—differences which they are trying to transform into conflicts among enemies. An immediate second front can triumph over them as it will over the Wehrmacht. And on behalf of this invasion of western Europe there must be a resounding chorus of voices from every corner of the land—a united chorus that cannot be denied by any power. For the scope of the Red Army's operations makes a two-front war as feasible as it is imperative. The liberation of Kharkov, the million Nazis maimed and killed in forty-nine days of fighting on the Eastern Front, is a challenge to us; we cannot let it go unanswered.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Labor and the War

THE overwhelming majority of American workers need not be affected by President Roosevelt's orders setting forth the penalties against those—both in management and labor—who would violate the decisions of the War Labor Board. For as the President himself indicated, less than one percent of the cases considered by the WLB had to come to him for penalties. "I am informed," he wrote William H. Davis, chairman of the WLB, "that during the past eighteen months the board disposed of over a thousand disputes. Only seven had to be referred to me because of persistent non-compliance." He praised the workers for their "patriotic support." Actually it is John L. Lewis and his handful of open or covert supporters in labor who should feel the pinch. For it was Lewis himself, who, through his disruptive deeds, paved the way for the Smith-Connally act which required the President to set forth the penalties he announced in his order. The bill passed over Roosevelt's veto, and left enforcement provisions up to the President.

In fact, there was little new in FDR's order. Every major sanction he proposed was already within his authority, and he had already made use of them. These sanctions include the seizure of plants or withdrawal of priorities from uncooperative employers; the withdrawal of maintenance of membership protection, or dues check-off from defiant trade unions, and the withdrawal of draft exemption from strikers. Withholding check-off dues and placing the funds in escrow until the union complies, is possibly the only new sanction.

Naturally some unionists have expressed anxiety that the innocent will be punished with the guilty. R. J. Thomas, head of the United Automobile Workers, which has more than its share of Lewis' followers, Coughlinites, and other disloyal factions, expressed fear that small disruptive groups could, through actions unauthorized by union leaders or majorities, endanger the status of a union as a whole. We believe the President recognized this danger in his letter to Mr. Davis: "When a local union refused to comply by directing and advising the workers not to work under the terms and conditions prescribed by the board, action by the responsible national or international officers has, thus far, in all but one or two cases, sufficed to bring about compliance." Mr. Roosevelt's letter indicated that acts of defiance must be thoroughly investigated and that blame be apportioned exactly where it belongs.

Undoubtedly the order will make it more incumbent than ever that unionists exercise the maximum of discipline these trying days. The responsibilities of union leaders will undoubtedly be all the more exacting. Any tolerance of infractions against the no-strike agreement will, obviously, rebound with severity against the unions themselves. For these reasons, the Lewis policies will require sterner opposition than ever before. To truckle to those policies is to fall into the very trap labor's enemies laid in sponsoring the Smith-Connally act. All indications are that labor realizes these pitfalls, and that it has its eye on the ball: victory over Hitler. For AFL and CIO leading bodies reiterated their no-strike agreement after the Smith-Connally act was passed. Now let us see vigorous adherence to the roll-back policies: checking the decrease in real wages will guarantee the frustration of John L. Lewis and his top-flight reactionary cronies. For labor overwhelmingly wants to get on with the war and seeks the economic wherewithal to do its utmost to annihilate the nation's enemies.

Manpower Muddle

THE War Manpower Commission's most recent orders and statements of policy multiply rather than diminish the number of problems of which our over-all, national manpower problem is composed. There is no way in which we can significantly increase the total supply of manpower; we have just as much manpower as we have, no more, no less. The task is to use what we have in the way that will best advance us toward our goal, the unconditional surrender of the Axis.

A first decision, then, must concern the number (and kinds) of men we need for the fighting forces. That depends on what kind of warfare we are waging, where, when, and on what scale. The conflicting views in the government as to how many men we need for the armed forces stand for conflicting views as to the basic military and politcal strategy of the war itself. The Commander-in-Chief on more than one occasion has stated what this basic strategy is to be: unconditional surrender through striking the main blow at Germany by an invasion of Europe. If those officials who disagree with this strategy will be forced, as is only reasonable in war time, to accept rather than reject or debate this basic strategy, then a decision as to how many men we need in the fighting forces will come readily.

Such manpower as is not engaged in fighting should be used, obviously, for military and essential civilian production. Here, too, the basic strategy of the war conditions all decisions. How is it possible to say that the products of one plant are needed sooner or more urgently than the products of another plant unless it is first possible to relate each product to its proper place in the war strategy? The Manpower Commission directs some of its new orders at men who work in unessential industries. No one can defend the notion that men should continue to work at unessential jobs; but the solution to that is to enlist the cooperation of the labor movement and to give it active responsibility in securing the proper allocation of manpower and womanpower. We have little confidence in orders or statements which appear to regard our fighting forces as some kind of special penitentiary in which recalcitrant civilians are to be confined; our soldiers themselves who, regardless of whether they be volunteers or draftees, understand by and large the responsibilities they have assumed, would properly resent such slurs.

ALP Perspectives

THE American Labor Party is faced with two great opportunities: it can bring unity and new strength into its own ranks and it can help elect a genuine win-the-war candidate for lieutenant governor of New York State. These two are related. For only a united party, resting on the broad base of the trade unions, can help guarantee that such a candidate, pledged to the support of President Roosevelt's war program, triumphs over the choice of the Hoover-Dewey forces.

The first hurdle on the road to unity is the organization meeting on Monday, August 30, of the new county committee in Brooklyn. Though the Progressives won the crucial primary in Brooklyn, there is every reason to believe that the right wing

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crowd will not let a small matter like the verdict of the voters cause them to loosen their grip on the county organization if they can help it. They are no doubt planning to repeat their performance of two years ago when they packed the meeting and stole the election. This year, however, the Progressives are adopting firm measures to meet this threat.

Beyond the organization meeting lies the basic question of the ALP's future, a question raised by Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and chairman of the CIO Political Action Committee. Hillman's proposal that the ALP be restored to trade union control by inviting the affiliation of all unions, CIO, AFL, and Railroad Brotherhoods, a proposal which was warmly welcomed by the Progressives, has now been unanimously approved by the New York State Industrial Union Council (CIO) and the national CIO Political Action Committee. The organization of the Brooklyn county committee in accordance with the primary vote will help assure the broadening of the ALP suggested by Hillman.

The Democratic Party has nominated Lt. Gen. William N. Haskell (retired) as its lieutenant governor. The right-wing-controlled state committee of the ALP has nominated James V. O'Leary, former state comptroller. It is obvious, however, that a single candidate, acceptable to both the ALP and the Democrats, will have to be run if there is to be avoided a repetition of the split which made possible a Republican victory in the last election. The contest for lieutenant governor has national import and bears directly on the struggle for power within both parties between the pro-war and defeatist forces. If the American Labor Party is to pull its weight in helping make this all-important decision, it cannot tolerate the antics of the Antoninis and Dubinskys who are trying to convert the ALP into a tight little sect of democracy-haters, Soviet-baiters and saboteurs of the war.

A Shock for Dies

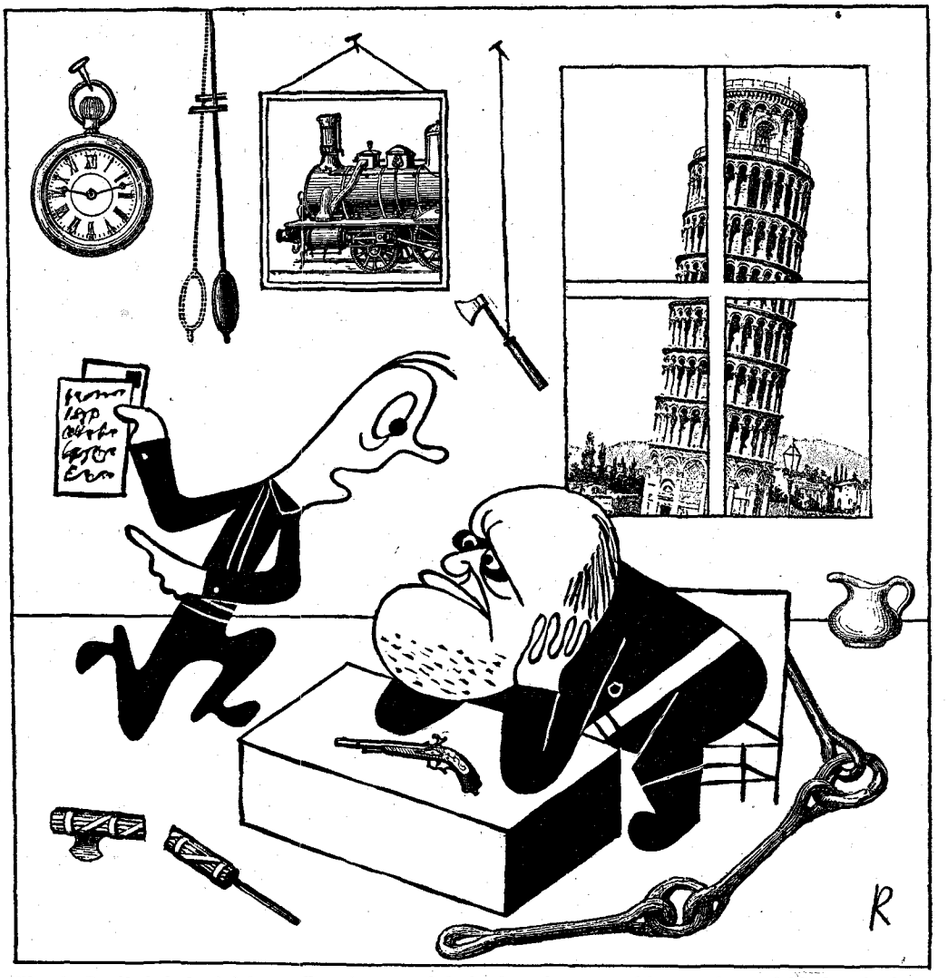
WE HAVE felt for a long time that the Goebbelsian campaign by Martin Dies to besmirch the Communist Party was losing ground: Americans are catching up with the Texan's bearded canards and are evaluating the Party's program for themselves. This feeling of ours is underscored by the announcement last week that the Rev. Eliot White and Mrs. White joined the Communist Party. One can easily imagine the wrench Messrs. Dies, Hearst, et al, will feel when they read Dr. White's statement: "I find Communism maintains the teachings of the Bible which I promised my Bishop when I was ordained to the Ministry of the Episcopal Church nearly fifty years ago, to follow in my life and preaching." The minister, formerly associated with Grace Church, one of New York's most venerable Episcopal institutions, saw that Communists are not church-burners as Mr. Hearst, apologist for fascist Franco, would have had us believe during the great Spanish war; moreover, the minister saw that love of country is a tenet of Marxism. He felt that the Communists love this country as did his ancestor, Albert Newman, who "hung out the two lanterns in the North Church belfry as an agreed-on signal to Paul Revere before his historic ride." The minister's decision was further impelled by the Communist position on the war: "The all-out cooperation . . . of the entire Party in carrying through to victory the war against the Axis and support of the President and his administration to this end."

We believe Mr. and Mrs. White's decision is an earmark of the thinking of great sections of the American people. Despite all the press' anti-Communist fulminations, distortions, and outright lies, patriots are rapidly arriving at contrary conclusions; when they examine the record they learn that the Communist Party is as native as a Kansas wheatfield and that its principles hark back to the best of Jefferson, Paine, and Lincoln. We venture to predict that the Rev. and Mrs. White will not be alone in their decision.

American Jews vs. Hitler

THERE are today only three countries in which a substantial and integrated Jewish community exists: America, the USSR, and Palestine. In all other parts of the world Jews are either being hunted and exterminated, as is the case in the Axis and conquered countries, or their numbers are too small to enable them to play an important role. It is therefore of very great significance that on Sunday, August 29, some 500 delegates, representing millions of American Jews, are meeting in New York City at the American Jewish Conference (Assembly) for the purpose of uniting all sections of American Jewry around a common program to meet the issues of the war and the peace.

This conference, which was initiated some months ago by the Jewish fraternal order Bnai Brith, was originally planned to include all forces and tendencies within American Jewish life. Unfortunately, under pressure of certain Zionists and Labor Zionists and of the Jewish Labor Com-



"Look, Benito! Antonini has offered you a job in America as paid organizer of his local of the ILGWU!"

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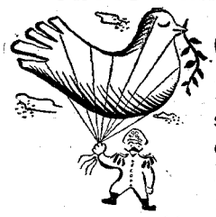
mittee, which is dominated by the same Social-Democratic elements that have incited against our Soviet ally and spread disruption in the labor movement, thirteen organizations have been excluded from national representation on the ground that they are too "Red," though officially various pretexts were given. They include the Jewish section of the International Workers Order, which has a larger membership than most of the thirty-seven sponsoring groups, and the Jewish People's Committee, which represents hundreds of thousands of Jewish trade unionists. The IWO and the Jewish People's Committee are now securing signatures on petitions requesting that they be admitted to the conference. That the exclusion policy does not represent the wishes of the majority of American Jews is evident from the fact that so conservative a publication as the *American Hebrew* criticized it in a recent editorial, pointing out that among individuals active in Jewish affairs there has not been much support for this policy.

IN A LETTER to each of the 500 delegates to the conference the Jewish People's Committee has suggested a five-point program which, we feel, admirably indicates the lines along which the conference should work. The committee suggests "enhancing the Jewish contribution for the quickest possible winning of the war and the victory of the United Nations"; active struggle against anti-Semitism in America; unity between American and Soviet Jews; full aid to the Jewish community in Palestine and guarantee of the national rights of the Palestine Jews; strong efforts to secure democratic and national rights for Jews throughout the world.

We trust that the conference will override the factionalists and appeasers, that by granting representation to the excluded organizations and adopting a clearsighted program it will become the true instrument of Jewish unity. This development would contribute immeasurably to the larger unity of the American people for a speedy victory and a just and durable peace.

Those Finnish Doves



CERTAIN hard realities in the Finnish situation stand out clearly even through the Nazi-inspired peace feelers being broadcast to the world under Stockholm datelines. One reality is that the Finnish people want to take Finland out of the war as part of their own struggle to defeat fascism. A second is that the fascist ruling class of Finland, the Mannerheim-Ryti crowd, knowing that it has lost the war, wants to get out of it on the most favorable terms possible. These bandits at the northern end of the European Axis are in much the same position as their infamous brothers in Italy—and they employ much the same tactics. They are desperately striving for a negotiated peace, a peace which will leave fascism in the saddle and which will form a precedent for the same maneuvers at a later date on the part of Germany itself.

The Mannerheim propaganda has always been, and remains, that Finland was forced into the war because the Soviet Union attacked her; that she is fighting an independent war and is not an integral part of the Axis; that she is fundamentally friendly to the United States and to Great Britain. For all these reasons, the Mannerheims argue, Finland must be eased out of the war as a friendly nation; under no circumstances must she be treated as a fascist power and forced to unconditional surrender.

A third reality in the Finnish situation is one which unfortunately strengthens the Mannerheim clique and weakens the United Nations. That factor is the appeasing, compromising policy toward Finland on the part of the United States. The Finnish fascists have banked heavily upon this policy. In sending out renewed peace feelers it is evident that they count upon the sympathetic acceptance of their "line" by our diplomats. They count on our help in making Finland safe *from* the Finnish people. And from our treatment of "poor little Finland" to date, they have a disturbing lot of evidence to back up their hopes.

IT IS clear that of the three factors in the situation which have been mentioned, the second and third, which mutually support each other, are in sharp contradiction with the first, the desire of the Finnish people for peace *in order to overthrow fascism.*

The same set of principles can be applied to Finland as to Italy. Unconditional victory of the United Nations over Finland, as over Italy, requires (1) that the Mannerheim group, the fascist rulers, be thrown out; (2) that Nazi troops be completely expelled from the country even if the Finnish people have to take up arms to do it; (3) that Finland must become a United Nations base of operations against the Axis positions in the Baltic region. Anything short of these principles injures all the United Nations.

What role should the American people play? The answer was pointedly given at the National Conference of Finnish-American Trade Unionists at their meeting in Duluth last winter. "We can help take Finland out of the war only if we follow a policy of encouraging all sections of the Finnish people to unite in a fighting anti-Hitler and pro-United Nations national front, which will bring together all true patriots and actively involve the masses in the struggle to sweep out Hitler's government puppets, drive out the Nazi legions, wreck and frustrate the Nazi-inspired war plans and activities and align Finland with the free peoples of the United Nations. . . . *The single act that would implement such a policy and hasten Finland's withdrawal from the war would be a categoric declaration of war by the United States against Finland.*"

Discovery by Rickenbacker

AFTER a long and undistinguished record of sneering, Captain Rickenbacker has returned to praise. His discoveries about the mammoth achievements of Soviet war economy are belated but nevertheless welcome. We can only wonder where this public figure, even if decidedly limited in stature, has been for the last two years. To be sure it wasn't easy to follow Soviet production figures while busily thrashing American trade unions, but there must have been leisure moments when any number of documents and studies could have given him the facts about which he now expresses considerable enthusiasm.

'Twixt the sneer and the plaudit, however, there is many a slip. After 55,000 miles of travel, Captain Rickenbacker concludes that the way to beat Germany is to hammer it into oblivion from the air. In other words the captain gets around but he doesn't learn too much. His military opinions are as spurious as those which he offers about the causes of absenteeism in the country's war plants. In both instances he is dead wrong and his airpower mania is a violation of every injunction of coalition warfare. It can only result in prolonging the European conflict in the face of great opportunities for bringing it to a close this year. And if Rickenbacker has not the faintest understanding of joint military action it is hardly surprising that he has no conception whatever of the basis of United Nations political collaboration. His enthusiasm for future relations with the Soviet Union is premised on the fantasy that after the war it will be the foremost "capitalist democracy" in the world. Captain Rickenbacker will have to learn soon, as will others who entertain the same beliefs, that friendship with our Russian ally will have to be built between both powers *as they are* and not on the dangerous hope that either country relinquish its economic and social system as a requisite for permanent alliance.

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His charge that Washington is moving toward bolshevism is equally wild and it is a rather snide little stunt to use his experience in the Soviet Union to Red-bait the administration. We can't submerge the feeling that perhaps Captain Rickenbacker was recently exposed to too much sun and that by and large he is the same labor-baiting Eddy.

Good Neighbor Soldiers

TWICE in recent weeks the issue of a Latin American expeditionary force has been brought before the public. In his formal report to the CTAL (Latin American Confederation of Labor) Executive Council meeting in Havana three weeks ago the CTAL president, Lombardo Toledano, stressed the importance of such an expedition from the Latin American nations that have declared war on the Axis. And in the resolution expressing the position of the CTAL on the war, the demand for an expeditionary force was again made. A week later representatives of the youth of thirteen countries, meeting in a Youth Congress in Mexico City, gave expression to the same demand. In fact, ever since Pearl Harbor progressive leaders in the nations to the south of us have emphasized the importance of joining their allies on the fronts.

The chief war contribution of the Latin American members of the United Nations has been in the economic and political fields. An increasing supply of industrial and agricultural raw materials for war has flowed to the United States. While the resulting growth in exports has brought in new capital into these nations, various factors mentioned in these columns before —including our own unwillingness, because of the war, to sell them machinery and industrial equipment in return—have prevented them from using this new capital to strengthen their domestic economies. On the contrary, the economic situation of nations like Cuba and Mexico, which are not sufficiently industrialized and whose economies are not sufficiently diversified to stand on their own feet, has deteriorated.

Politically the Latin American nations, with the marked exception of Argentina, have cooperated with the United Nations in expelling or interning fascist agents and in curbing the activities of the fifth column. Democratic forces in these countries, however, and particularly the organized labor movement and progressive youth organizations, insist that economic and political cooperation in the war against fascism is not enough. Not only would expeditionary forces heighten the war morale of the people; they would also assure to our allies of the south a more important voice at the peace table. Properly equipped and trained troops from Latin America would add to the power of the United Nations' forces. Their very presence in Europe, moreover, would have a profound effect in destroying the remaining prestige of the Falangists, the fascist followers of Franco, and the reactionary elements of the Catholic Church currently cooperating with some semi-fascist dictatorships of South America.

The apparent stumbling block is of course the fact that the Latin American nations are dependent upon the United States for the military equipment with which to train and arm expeditionary forces. On the grounds that war materiel could not be spared from our own forces and those of our main fighting allies, we have not encouraged the formation of Cuban, Mexican, or any other overseas forces from our Good Neighbors. But both the political and military benefits of such forces would be great—so great that perhaps the time has come when we should give the most serious consideration to this issue. To enable our neighbors to send armed forces to the battle fronts would, among other things, do more to dispel fears of our imperialist intentions toward Latin America than almost any other move we could make.

Hangmen Also Torture

ON PAST occasions when the Soviet government portrayed in documentary evidence the results of Nazi sadism, one could detect a note of suspicion on the part of some Americans that these were hoary atrocity fables. The crimes defied human credence but they were nevertheless true even if the Polish government-in-exile attributed to the Russians what the Germans had committed in Smolensk's Katyn Forest. Now the world has the eye witness accounts of British and American correspondents who have seen the slaughtered innocents in Orel and the corpses of wounded Red Army men who were starved and then shot. In Orel alone from 12,000 to 14,000 men, women, and children were murdered by the Gestapo or allowed to die in prison from malnourishment and cold. It is a grim, horrible picture which these correspondents sent to their papers. "I have seen such things on photographs," writes Alexander Werth to the New York *Times*, "but never in real life. Beside a dug up trench were laid out strange, shriveled shapes of what had once been men. They looked like grotesque brown rag dolls. . . . All victims were shot through the back of the head, the men standing against a wall and the women ordered to lie down on the ground. The pitiful brown 'rag dolls' was all that was left of these people now —but enough to establish beyond a doubt how they had died."

Multiply this scene for the whole of occupied Russia, include the untold suffering of those deported to Germany as slave labor, and then you can get a fair idea of why the Russians urge us to pitch in with a second front. For it is to the Russians that we owe an inestimable debt in keeping the hangmen from our own doors.

William Lyon Phelps

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS published many books and reached large audiences, but it is doubtful if his name will be long remembered except as a literary curio of the period. On and off the Yale campus he was the debonair showman of *belles lettres*, a sort of Dale Carnegie and Barnum combined of the academic life. He knew that Shakespeare needed only the patronage of Gene Tunney to crash the front page. He could make a cult of Browning and Tennyson by publicizing their less strenuous virtues. His optimism was thin rather than buoyant, and his stubborn assurance that all's right with the world became increasingly painful to generations that had to live through two world wars. It is worth noting, on the other hand, that he was among the first to publicize the nineteenth century Russian novelists in this country, even though his insights were not remarkable for their profundity.

It is said that Dr. Phelps "inspired" his classes at Yale and his devout followers in the women's clubs, but there is no substantial evidence that his lessons caused anyone to cut beneath the surface of comfortable existence. He is dead at seventy-eight, active to the end as a contributor of pleasantly phrased cliches to magazines that were as determined as he not to arouse disturbing questions. Since his influence depended more on the charm of his personality than on the wisdom of his judgment, it seems unlikely that his literary legacy will deeply affect the course of American letters.

Willkie's Speech

IN HIS article on page 12 Frank Ryhlick notes a rising trend in midwest Republican ranks toward Wendell Willkie and the views he represents. There is no doubt that Willkie is the most dynamic figure in the Republican Party, a thorn in the flesh of the old-line hacks and defeatists in control of the Republican National Committee. Willkie's future, however, is being thought of too exclusively in terms of adroit politi-

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cal maneuvering and insufficiently in terms of the issues and policies he himself intends to fight for. From the latter standpoint Willkie's first public statement on the 1944 election was a decided disappointment. It was vague precisely on those questions of foreign and domestic policy that require concreteness and clarity, and it contained anti-Roosevelt overtones that sounded too much like muffled echoes of the GOP McCormicks, Tafts, Hoovers and Spanglers who are the most virulent enemies of Willkie and all he stands for.

Willkie built his influence among the Republican rank-and-file and the public generally through his advocacy of a close fighting alliance among the United States, Russia, Britain, and China and through his championship of such urgent issues as the second front. This happens to be a moment when all that Willkie said in the past requires new emphasis. His statement, however, contents itself with unexceptionable generalities largely concerned with the postwar period.

Willkie's insistence that the Republican Party must adopt "a liberal program" cannot compensate for his silence on such a crucial issue as the Smith-Connally strike-promoting bill. And when he speaks of "an opposition intrenched and truculent with power," he implies that the enemy is the Roosevelt administration and not the cabal of defeatists and reactionaries in both major parties—but especially in his own—who stand for appeasement and negotiated peace abroad and illiberalism and chaos at home. Both the nation's interests and Willkie's personal political fortunes would be better advanced if he were to employ his great influence toward uniting the people around the war policies of the Commander-in-Chief. This does not exclude, but on the contrary, necessitates, constructive criticism of the administration's weaknesses.

THE WEEK IN LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

THE FREE GERMAN COMMITTEE

London (by wireless).

THE British people, watching the Quebec conference with the closest interest, have developed a sense of the urgency for new inter-Allied talks—particularly after the news from Moscow calling for a subsequent three-power conference on the specific question of the second front.

The news from Moscow came as a welcome clarification of a state of affairs which was becoming dangerously confused. It is believed here now that a new conference in London or in any other convenient spot can wash up the Quebec leftovers, and despite irritating delays can dot the i's and cross the t's of the Quebec discussions.

THE British public is likely to be particularly enthusiastic about the Moscow proposals after the widespread discussions of certain broadcasts from the United States. These broadcasts, at least to British listeners, conveyed the impression that there are some responsible people who in stealthy fashion are trying to undermine confidence in the Soviet government and the Red Army and are even in some cases supporting the grotesque suggestion that the Soviet Union is prepared to undertake separate peace talks with Germany. It was a real shock here when a certain Ernest K. Lindley [Washington columnist for *Newsweek*], who possibly is unimportant in the United States but poses here as the voice of the United States, suggested in a recent broadcast that the Free German Committee established in Moscow was in some way a move likely to win the approval of the German General Staff. Since one thing certain about the committee is that it is designed to be the best available rallying point for demoralization within the German army, it is here regarded as astounding that propagandists, whatever their motive, should have the nerve to distort the situation in this fashion.

Informed British circles view the German committee in Moscow very differently from those commentators who sought to sensationalize it, with the purpose of sowing dissension among the Allies. Such commentators have already portrayed the committee as though it were the future government of Germany, with everything cut and dried so far as the Soviet government's policy is concerned. It is clear, however, that that kind of fantasy can only come from persons who overlook immediate war problems, preferring to speculate on the problematical future. Or perhaps they are somewhat conscience-stricken over what they believe to be a disagreeable contrast between the clear-cut general principles of Soviet policy toward Germany and the confusion and limitations visible at the Western end.

THUS, several British newspapers have contrasted the Free German Committee with Amgot, considerably to the detriment of the latter. In this connection it must be said that a great deal of criticism of Amgot is beside the mark. As an organization to take over territory occupied by the Allied armies, for the purpose of ensuring a smoothly working administrative, supply, and communications system in the rear of the fighting forces, Amgot obviously is as indispensable a piece of military machinery as the Quartermaster's Department of the Army. It is even possible that Amgot might have to operate not only in Axis territory such as Sicily, but in liberated territories at present occupied by the Germans. In the latter case it would of course be an essential principle that the power within Amgot should be in the hands of the nationals of the territory concerned—which underlines the urgency of extending Amgot's membership to the French, for example.

What is alarming—and justifiably alarming—to certain free Allied governments is the notion they somehow picked up that the demarcation line between Amgot's functions as a military accessory, and its potential functions as a form of political and economic infiltration and control, is not very clearly drawn. It is at that level that one begins to contrast the limited, uninspiring, and even unpleasant aspect of Amgot with the Soviet Union's insistence on the rights of peoples to decide their own government and future following liberation—a policy exemplified in the projected treaty between Czechoslovakia and the USSR.

It is also clear that the Free German Committee is above all a realistic response to a new situation within the German Army wherein all sorts of the most diverse elements are for the first time experiencing a certain disillusionment and seeking some point of crystallization. Even from the narrowest military point of view it would clearly be irresponsible to overlook the need of providing such a crystallization point. And naturally the Soviet Union, with its far greater wealth of experience, is in the best position to understand what has to be done if, instead of waiting and speculating about whether Hitler will "crack," we are to take all possible steps to *make* him crack.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

WHEN AND WHERE?

SICILY has been conquered in thirty-eight days. Even before it fell we expressed our opinion of this tactically good job, so there is no need to go over that again. Whether or not it was strategically a good plan is beside the point. We are standing on the Strait of Messina and for several days our aerial and naval "artillery preparation" has been aimed at disrupting the communications of southern Italy, so it would seem reasonable to expect an invasion of that country.

That looks imminent; therefore, the question "when and where?" does not apply to this particular preliminary, or diversional, operation. It applies to the question of opening a second front, i.e., a second front which will draw away two or three score German divisions from the Eastern Front. And when we say "from the Eastern Front" we mean *divisions which are actually fighting there, or are kept in reserve earmarked for that front,* not further west than Poland or Rumania.

NO ONE would dare suggest that the Anglo-American combination with 10,000,000 men under arms will *never* open such a front. This would be an insult to its military leadership. Granted this, the paramount question which arises is—when and where? It seems to me that the first part of the question perhaps is more important—*when* would the opening of a second front (as defined above) bring the best and quickest results?

In this connection, certain of our military advantages must be considered. The chief one is the element of surprise, an element that has most unexpectedly made its appearance in the military picture when most experts (in and out of "quotes") had already conceded that surprise on a grand scale had become practically unthinkable, especially on our side of the fence. The surprise came when the Red Army took the offensive on a broad scale in the middle of the summer, i.e., when it successfully struck at the German Army without the assistance of such "allies" as Mud and Winter on one hand, and the Extension of Communications of the enemy on the other. Furthermore, the Red Army struck not in an obscure corner of the vast Eastern Front, not in a subsidiary or secondary sector, but *right in the center,* against the mightiest enemy defenses and the greatest concentration of enemy troops and armor.

That was the real surprise of the war for the Germans and for their docile echoes in the "expert" brotherhood on our side of the line. To exploit this element of surprise to the full, to take quick advantage of the new situation, should be the next step for us in the West. And that calls for immediate grand scale action on our part. However, it is not only because of the surprise factor which literally fell into our lap, that time is of the essense. There is another reason: that it is now almost September. Rain and the thick mud of the Black Soil Belt of the Soviet Union may throw a protective veil over the Wehrmacht within three or four weeks and permit it to detach itself from its pursuing enemy, to retire to the line of the Dnieper (and, maybe, the Dvina) almost without interference, and *then only* to switch a number of divisions to the West, to meet an Allied attack. There is little doubt that the prayer of the German General Staff right now is that the Anglo-American Command will decide to busy itself with more islands until the rains set in over the Eastern Front. So fervent and desperate must be that German desire that they would be glad to *build* an island somewhere, so the Allies can take it, and lose more time.

ONE might say: all right, suppose the Germans move back to the Dnieper and Dvina unmolested—what then? Will that make them win the war? Of course not. The war is lost by Germany irrtrievably. But a delay of another year in the consummation of the German defeat might create new conditions which could conceivably help Germany win at least a portion of the peace. You see, the German General Staff is not like some figures in the State Department—they do not try to "keep politics out of the war."

Time is of the essence right now because we must take advantage of the mighty Red Army offensive before it has lost any of its momentum. Beating against the German rear or flank (or flanks) later will be an entirely different story from striking while the Germany Army is inextricably tied down in the East, and while both blows against it will bring pressure in opposite directions. The importance of speed on our part is determined by: (1) the desirability of ending the war in the main against the European Axis in 1943, and (2) the fact that the Red Army right now is doing what was considered impossible; it is advancing in the summer.

Now we come to the question—"Where?" At first glance the answer is simple: where the Germans will deem it imperative to send so many troops that they will have to deplete the Eastern Front in part. If that condition is fulfilled, a second front will be in existence. The determinant of a real second front is not its place, but how many enemy divisions it will draw away from the Eastern Front.

A lot of guessing is being done about the place. On August 22 Mr. Drew Pearson in his so-called "predictions" over Station WJZ augured that it would be Denmark and Southern France. Of course, Mr. Pearson's predictions do not always come true (he predicted on January 31 that Japan would attack the Soviet Union before April); but we mention this particular one only as an opening suggestion.

Mr. Pearson said that the attack on southern France would come *after* we took Sardinia and Corsica. *Ipso facto,* the plan is no good because it means too long a delay—we would not get to the French Riviera until the tourist season opens there, but the fighting summer season closes around Smolensk and Poltava.

Denmark does not look like the best idea because the coast must be just as strongly fortified as the coast of northern and western France and our lines of communications from England would be better than twenty times longer than those across the Channel. Furthermore, the neck of land connecting Germany with Denmark is only twenty-five miles wide and leads smack up to the region of Kiel, which must be a hornet's nest. An invasion of Denmark would not give us any maneuvering space and therefore cannot be considered the best solution.

I discussed the drawbacks of a Norwegian operation some time ago. This leaves us the Balkans, outside of northern France where the show really should take place.

THE Balkan Peninsula offers attractive possibilities because in Italy we have a good stepping stone to the area where organized fighting against the Axis has been going on for two years. Pumping strength into the Yugoslav guerrilla armies might lead to the formation of a good "poultice" to draw German strength—but not in sufficient quantities.

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This leaves us the Balkans via Greece. It means that we would have to take Crete, at least. By the time we do, it is probable that even the Indian Summer on the Eastern Front will have come and passed and the advantages of the moment will have vanished in a cloud of dust. We do not intend to imitate the armchair strategists of the Colonel Lanza type who think in terms of terrain and distance only, forgetting that *time* is also a vital element of warfare.

And by that we don't mean marching time only, from one point to the other. We mean doing things *in time* to achieve maximum possible results.

A second front must be opened in (northern) France now. Heaven knows there has been enough time to understand that this was the thing to do, and to prepare for it.

AROUND THE WORLD

NEW OUTLOOK FOR CANADA

THE province of Ontario, the most highly industrialized province in Canada, has just come through a critical wartime provincial election. The results are not only a resounding repudiation of the provincial Liberal government in power since 1934, but a repudiation of the Federal Liberal Party's war policies, particularly as they concern the home front. The provincial election presented the first opportunity, since the 1940 Federal election, for the people of Ontario to pass judgment on the war policies of the Mackenzie King government.

The verdict was very clear and decisive. Of the ninety seats to be filled the people sent to the Provincial Parliament thirty-four Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) members and two left-wing Labor-Progressive candidates—J. B. Salsberg and A. A. MacLeod. The election results will also profoundly affect the present and future political developments in this key province and the Dominion of Canada as a whole. Hundreds of thousands of people broke with their old political ties. Instead of merely following "good old tradition" and switching from the Liberals to the Tories, the voters decided it was high time that they found a new channel of expression, and they asserted themselves *as an independent political force*. The one thing that stands out above everything else, therefore, is the *emergence of labor as an independent political power challenging the political monopoly held by the two old-line parties since Confederation in* 1867. The only other break in the stranglehold of the old parties occurred following the last war when a farmer-labor government held power in 1919-23.

The CCF and the left wing members-elect received the largest share of support from the workers in the great war industries—aircraft, metal mining, shipbuilding, munitions, steel, and rubber. Not a single city engaged in wartime industry in Ontario failed to elect a CCF or left wing Labor member to Parliament. This is history in the making. A total of 1,226,217 people voted on August 4, out of a population of some 3,500,000 in the province. The Tories, who now call themselves the Progressive-Conservative Party, received 440,467 votes; the Liberal Party, which was in power, got 376,814; the CCF, 380,320 votes; and others, 38,617.

It is worthwhile comparing the votes in the 1937 provincial election with the 1943 results, in order to understand the forward march of Canadian labor. In 1937, a total of 1,571,431 people went to the polls. The Liberal Party received 798,716 votes; the Tories, 627,740 votes; CFF 77,744 votes; others, 67,231 votes. This comparison shows that in 1943 the Liberals dropped over 400,000 votes, the Tories lost close to 200,000, and the CCF gained over 300,000. The Liberal Party had sixty-three members in 1937. This dropped to fifteen in 1943, practically eliminating them as an important factor in the provincial parliament. The Tories had twenty-one members and have now increased their representation to thirty-eight.

IT SHOULD be noted, however, there was not a swing to Toryism. As a matter of fact, the Tories not only dropped close to 200,000 votes, they actually received a smaller percentage of the total vote in 1943 than in 1937. The increase in their representation can be explained by the "majority" system of election rather than the more equitable system of proportional representation demanded by the labor-progressive movement. In very many instances the majority of Tory votes over those for the CCF candidates was very small. The CCF had no representatives in 1937, while they now have thirty-four members. They are the second largest party in Parliament, thus becoming the official opposition. The left wing labor movement, which had no representatives in 1937, now has two. Had the CCF and Labor elected three more members they could have formed the government.

No party has received a clear majority in the House. But since the Conservatives have the largest number of seats, they have been called upon by the lieutenant-governor of Ontario to form a government. During the election campaign they advanced a "radical" program; and they will be able to stay in power only if they seek coalition support from the Liberals, who at the moment are very reluctant to enter into a coalition, or if they introduce far-reaching reforms now and for the postwar period—measures that will win the support of the CCF and Labor.

The smaller vote in this election than in 1937 (about 300,000 less) cannot be explained by any lack of interest among the people. The voters fully understood the importance of this election campaign. They knew that the campaign took place in a crucial period of the war. They knew that we were electing a government that will have to deal with serious postwar problems. The key reason for the smaller vote lies in the fact that hundreds of thousands of men and women from Ontario are now in the armed forces, at home and overseas. Although provision was made for them to vote through a system of proxies, few such votes were actually cast. In practice the majority of the proxy votes arrived after the election had taken place. This meant that the relatives or friends who had been designated by the armed forces to vote for them could not register their vote. Certainly, the armed forces that participated in the Sicilian campaign were far too occupied with fighting against the Axis to bother with their right to designate proxies. Those forces stationed in Great Britain or elsewhere were given very little time to appoint proxies because the election was called in a great hurry—30 days between the announcement and the election. As a matter of fact, the armed forces were actually disfranchised. It is, however, very significant that those in the armed forces who did manage to vote, overwhelmingly supported the CCF and Labor. Here then, is an indication of the political sentiment among the men and women in uniform and it carries tremendous political implications for the

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time when they return home. The provincial results as a whole foreshadow the pattern of political developments in Canada to come. Labor is definitely coming into its own.

It is mainly over domestic issues of the war effort that the powerful swing has taken place. Workers have condemned the outrageous wartime labor policy of the government. The people have revolted against the tragic mess which provoked strikes in a number of war industries, particularly the recent government lockout of 20,000 workers in a Montreal aircraft p[lant]. The government has refused, until now, to put into practice its promises to introduce a Labor Code guaranteeing the right of workers to collective bargaining. To top it all, the government's wage policy has frozen the sub-standard wages of more than half of Canada's workers. This condition acts as a brake on production in our war industries. And in addition, the government has been responsible for the manpower fiasco. It has also refused the almost universal demand to lift the ban on the Communist Party of Canada. Altogether, the government's failure to mobilize human and material resources for total war led to widespread resentment, and the defeat of the Liberal government in the province.

Mr. King, the Prime Minister of Canada, is astute enough to understand the meaning of the election results. He faces a crisis. Labor has declared that it will not allow itself to be treated as a stepchild. Labor has demanded an equal place in the conduct of the war effort and the planning of the postwar period. His government must at once relinquish its bankrupt labor policy for one which will unite labor with the government and employers behind the war effort.

The emergence of this powerful people's movement is hardly accidental. Nor is it a "flash in the pan," nor is it merely confined to the province of Ontario. Recently there took place four Federal by-elections —two in the province of Quebec and two in Western Canada. In Montreal, Quebec, the left wing labor movement elected the first member to the Federal Parliament, Fred Rose. In the other Quebec constituency, a candidate of the Bloc-Populaire, an isolationist, anti-war, pro-fascist movement, was unfortunately elected. In Western Canada two CCF candidates were the victors. Previously, in all four cases, Liberals had held the seats in the House of Commons. The appeasement policy pursued by the Federal government toward the anti-war forces in Quebec is now creating a very dangerous situation in that province, threatening the unity of English and French Canada and the nation's war effort.

J. B. Salsberg and A. A. MacLeod, the two left wing labor leaders elected from Toronto, have already declared that, regardless of who forms the government, they will support all measures which they believe will strengthen the war effort. While both men will pursue an independent course in and out of Parliament, they have already pledged full cooperation with the thirty-four CCF members in the House. The people that elected them in Toronto are essentially of the same frame of mind as those who elected the CCF candidates. The CCF will be making a grave error and will harm the growing labor movement if it reserves to itself the exclusive claim of representing all labor. An examination of the various constituencies in which CCF candidates were elected proves that in the majority of cases the wholehearted support given to the CCF candidates by the left wing was sufficient to decide the election of a CCF candidate. If the left wing had adopted the same narrow policy as was pursued by the CCF when it ran candidates against J. B. Salsberg and A. A. MacLeod, then the result would have been the defeat of CCF candidates and the election of candidates of the old-line parties The lesson to be drawn is obvious: labor can only advance its interests decisively providing all-inclusive labor unity is achieved. Had there been labor unity in Ontario, there would today be a labor-farmer government instead of a Tory government. Nor can cooperation and unity be confined to Parliament alone. It must move beyond Parliament into every trade union, factory, and mine.

And finally, from the present trend of events it seems certain that should there be a Federal election in the near future, Canadians will clean out the old-line parties and elect a labor-farmer government.

NORMAN FREED.

"The Master Race"

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GRASS ROOTS AND POISON IVY

In the Middle West the Republican Party is by no means all McCormick. Frank Ryhlick surveys the new and old trends, ranging from rabid defeatism to Willkie internationalism.

Chicago.

IT MAY be that Governor Bricker of Ohio has never been to a circus. Perhaps he has never pondered on the art of the tight-rope walker. Otherwise he might have drawn a valuable political parallel. The tight-rope walker catches the breath of the audience the first time he walks across his taut, vibrating rope. But unless he varies his routine the audience soon retrieves its breath. The performer ceases to be a tight-rope walker. He is just a man walking on a rope. So today is Governor Bricker just a man sitting on a fence, while the political winds that once blew so briskly about him have subsided to gentle breezes that scarcely ruffle a hair on his handsome head.

The rise and fall of Governor Bricker's presidential prospects is more than a tribute to the astuteness of Ohio's Senator Taft, who may have suspected that his colleague had the floating qualities of an anvil when he tenderly kissed him on the brow and tossed him into the political millstream last winter. The fate of this "honest Harding," this log-cabin candidate of the *Saturday Evening Post*, illustrates a fundamental fact about middle-western Republicans, model 1943. For after all, it was in the Middle West that Bricker was expected to prosper and grow. The fact is that a GOP Hamlet who stands in valiant indecision, while trying to decide whether to be or not to be, will find that the people of the Middle West have conjugated him into a has-been.

This is important. Something has happened when a candidate can commit harakiri by keeping silent on crucial issues. Bricker did just that when he refused to say whether he thought the Republican Party should live in "One World," or should set out to construct a private little world for the United States.

The foreign policy issue is drawn very sharply in midwestern Republican politics. The old isolationists have shaved their beards and become nationalists. Those who never believed we could live and trade in the same world with Hitler have become known as internationalists. Under the cloak of rabid nationalism, the former group, including the crude seditionists, devote twenty-five percent of their energy to espousing narrow, war-breeding postwar policies and seventy-five percent to undermining the war effort itself.

The GOP internationalists have placed themselves at a serious disadvantage by their own tactics, but nevertheless they move ahead. They take it for granted that the war will be won, and that only an unimportant lunatic fringe of the party would like to save Hitler and his allies from total defeat. Consequently, they spend most of their time espousing postwar collaboration with the other United Nations, and very little of their time to active support of measures necessary to strengthen the home, military and political fronts. Many of them combine postwar internationalism with New Deal baiting, which usually leads sooner or later to irresponsible criticism of "bureaucracy" in general and important war agencies in particular. Naturally this wing of the Republican Party contributes to the winning of the war by the very act of declaring that the United Nations concept is as necessary to win the peace as the war, but the effect is a little like putting a strong horse behind the wagon to push it instead of hitching him in front where he could pull with his full weight.

WHEN Bricker failed consistently to declare himself on postwar collaboration, he was eased aside by a current he was not sure existed. The Bricker-for-President movement is now confined chiefly to Ohio. Governor Dewey, who is trying to conceal leanings toward the dominant Hoover-Taft wing of the GOP hierarchy, is holding up better in the Middle West as a presidential possibility. There are two reasons for this. First, Dewey still has considerable glamour and prestige to the average voter. Second, he has become wiser in the ways of politics. He has refused to put himself out in front as a candidate, going so far as to discourage any open moves in his behalf. Not being out in front makes it easier to obscure his position on key issues. Dewey has support among sections of the Republican organizations in most states, but it is largely in the politics-as-usual thinking of the professional politician, and it can melt away as quickly as it did at the Philadelphia convention in 1940.

In the dark watches of the night, most GOP politicians are muttering "We Want Willkie," "Stop Willkie," and "My God, Which Way Shall I Jump?"

There can be no denying that Willkie is gaining support and has powerful backing in the Middle West. He helped start the anti-isolation trend in his party, and now he is moving forward with it.

This has caused significant indecision among Republican defeatists, even in Illinois where they are most strongly entrenched. Gov. Dwight H. Green was elected with the support of the Chicago *Tribune*, the United Mine Workers hierarchy and the Farm Bureau Federation. His record has been marked by defeatism, reaction, and political sleight-of-hand. But even Green is beginning to wonder. He is becoming worried over the blatant defeatism of the Chicago *Tribune*, and is trying to edge toward a middle position between "nationalism" and "internationalism."

Last winter, when the *Tribune* had engineered the blitzkrieg mayoralty nomination of the notorious Roger Faherty, Green persuaded the party to replace Faherty with the more "respectable" George B. McKibbin.

Recently the Cook County Republican Labor Day rally was called off unexpectedly. A few days later word came from Springfield that Green had called off the rally for fear speeches would be made that would link him with the extreme "nationalists." Reports are that the governor's associates are advising him to be in a position where he can meet with both sides on the postwar collaboration issue. Apparently Green has not learned from Bricker.

Rep. Everett M. Dirksen of Pekin, Ill., who takes an anti-administration, "farm bloc" position on most issues, but who was the first to break away from the Chicago *Tribune* "nationalist" line, is said to be planning a heart-to-heart talk with Green at the national GOP policy-framing conference on Mackinac Island.

Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, finds himself in an increasingly difficult position. For months he has shied away from open collaboration with Capt. William J. Grace and the grand jury atmosphere of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, but his only obvious support comes from this group, which went so far as to nominate him for President.

McCormick is growing more desperate, and bolder. He has tried another blitzkrieg on the Republican senatorial nomination, baldly announcing one morning that Richard J. Lyons, former America Firster, was the outstanding aspirant for the nomination to run against incumbent Democratic Sen. Scott Lucas. The success of this maneuver is still to be determined. Dirksen has senatorial ambitions, and Green has not announced support for Lyons, although Lyons, after a fervent "nationalist" speech for the *Tribune*, is reported to be assuring the governor that he will go along on whatever program he might propose.

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McCormick and his favorite poodle, Sen. Curly Brooks, are going to new extremes in their "nationalism." In one recent speech McCormick went the whole way. He talked about the massacre-loving Russians, British despotism, and China, which "has not now and never has had a government." With a storm-trooper flourish, the good colonel declared that "all of us are ready to fight again on American soil to preserve our liberties and our properties." When Secretary Ickes was in Chicago for a hearing on gas rationing, Curly Brooks made a fiery speech at the hearing, taking the position that we should not consider the soldiers of our allies as our own if it meant depriving Illinois joyriders of gas.

Working in a sort of clandestine relationship with McCormick, the role of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee is to pressure the Republican leadership into a more extreme nationalist position. This committee has open links with Gerald L. K. Smith, the Michigan fascist.

Quite an opposite role is being played by the Republican Postwar Policy Association, headed in Chicago by Deneen Watson, an attorney. This group has acquired considerable influence in the Middle West, and has had successful meetings on both coasts. The Association takes the Willkie position on international collaboration, although Watson expresses opinions considerably to the right of Willkie's statements on the New Deal and the various home front issues.

THE trends found among Republicans in Illinois, the heart of the Middle West and the center of isolationist leaders, are to be seen more clearly in other states. Many a politician is finding it expedient to change his clothes in public, as was done recently by Senator "Puddler Jim" Davis of Pennsylvania who called suddenly for a world organization "which has at its disposal the means necessary to enforce the peace."

Across the line in Indiana the trend toward Willkie has become most pronounced. The Indiana chapter of the Republican Postwar Policy Association, presided over by author Booth Tarkington, is strongly pro-Willkie. The state has a Democratic governor, but the Republican Lieut. Gov. Charles Dawson and State Treasurer James M. Givens are all-out for Willkie. Givens predicts it will be only a matter of time before all county chairmen and precinct committeemen are on the bandwagon, which even now is occupied by important business interests in Indianapolis. A few months ago Ralph Gates, GOP state chairman, was mouthing the McCormick doctrines. Now he walks around with his tongue between his teeth, hoping that nothing he said in the past will hurt his candidacy for governor.

The reason behind Willkie's recent extended visit to his home in Rushville was believed to be the complaint of state Republicans that he had not spent enough time with the organization in his own state. From Rushville, Willkie lieutenants made known his opposition to having the GOP convention in Chicago next year. They suggested Cleveland. Not, they explained carefully, that Willkie has anything against the people of Chicago. No, it was just a certain publisher.

The Republican congressmen from the rural districts of Indiana generally express the wishes of the "farm bloc." They have a hangover isolationism that lines them up against Willkie on foreign policy, but how far they will push their opposition depends on the balance of power within the state organization. Most powerful of the Republican congressmen is George A. Halleck, from Rensselaer, who nominated Willkie at the 1940 convention but afterward took a strongly isolationist position. Clifford Marion LaFollette, the new Republican representative from Evansville, is pro-Willkie.

The big four "farm bloc" organizations have not said much about foreign policy in any of the midwestern states. They have concentrated on whipping up opposition to President Roosevelt's price stabilization policies. So far as the Republican picture is concerned, the "farm bloc" has done little to hurt Willkie, and less to help him. Its opposition is to be expected, however, for it invariably reflects the views of the du Pont-Pew-Gannett bloc in the National Association of Manufacturers. This will be an important factor when campaign lineups become crystallized, but it will vary acording to states. In Illinois, for example, the Farm Bureau Federation, one of the big four, is a strong organization. The "farm bloc" also has considerable influence in Indiana and Michigan, but very little influence in Wisconsin.

In Minnesota the Republican Party is controlled by the Stassen organization, which mirrors the Lamont-Morgan view on the war and foreign policy.

HAROLD E. STASSEN, thirty-six-year-old former governor, who left office to become a lieutenant commander in the Navy, is waiting with upturned face for the presidential lightning to strike. His organization is distributing expensive booklets on various phases of his record. This accounts for some of Stassen's peculiar jockeying before he left office. His views are similar to Willkie's, and he did yeoman work for Willkie at the Philadelphia convention, but because his own ambitions are flowering he made several bows to other sections of the party, no doubt hoping to attract a wider following than he believed Willkie had.

The 1944 Minnesota delegation will be a Stassen delegation, but Stassen is expected to swing it to Willkie if the Willkie campaign reaches the convention with the same backing that steamrollered it to victory in 1940. Tom Lamont, Morgan partner was in Philadelphia to keep watch on th

"Did you see what Little Orphan Annie did today?"

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final phases of the pre-nomination Willkie campaign.

Sen. Joseph Ball, who was brought up from a newspaper job by Stassen, has always supported the Willkie position on Capitol Hill. Willkie has other powerful friends in the state, notably the Cowles family, publishers of the Minneapolis *Star-Journal and Tribune*. Sen. Hendrick Shipstead, renegade Farmer-Laborite, and Representatives Mass and Knutson are the outstanding defeatists among Minnesota Republicans. Some of the older politicians are inclined toward Dewey, who would also have the support of the defeatists if his candidacy became serious.

In Michigan, which Willkie carried by 7,000 votes in 1940, his strength is not yet clear. Mrs. Dudley C. Hay, Republican national committeewoman, is working hard in his behalf. GOP Gov. Harry F. Kelly is close to Bricker, and it is not known whether he has yet abandoned his hopes for the Ohio Harding. Secretary of State Herman H. Dignan started a Dewey boom, which reportedly was called off on instructions from Dewey. Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, one of the most skilled defeatists in GOP state and national leadership, has been pushing the MacArthur-for-President movement, which is growing despite the general's denial of political ambitions.

This movement is backed by very suspect elements, as well as some win-the-war Republicans who see in MacArthur's war record the best chance to get "that man Roosevelt." McCormick has given warm support to the MacArthur movement, but the organization itself in Illinois is officially directed by political unknowns, with a barrel of money at their disposal.

The Wisconsin MacArthur-for-President organization is led by Lansing Hoyt, brother-in-law of John Cudahy, the meat-packing millionaire and former ambassador to Belgium, who regarded Hitler as a reasonable man, devoid of menace to America. Hoyt was chairman of the America First Committee in Wisconsin.

Party lines become rather blurred when you look at Hoyt, Cudahy, and the MacArthur movement in the Middle West. Cudahy is reported anxious to capture the Democratic senatorial nomination next year and run against Senator Wiley, a Republican of the Vandenberg stripe. He is simultaneously reported to be intriguing behind the scenes to build McCormick's influence among Wisconsin Republicans. Further complicating matters are indications of a move in some Republican circles to win conservative Democratic support by running Jim Farley as vice-presidential candidate on a ticket with MacArthur. On his visit to Chicago last month, Farley put in a long distance call to Cudahy, and while denying any political purpose to his trip, which coincided with the opening of MacArthur-for-President offices in Chicago, admitted he had heard MacArthur-Farley talk.

In general, however, the Republican Party in Wisconsin is dominated by conservative, pro-war Republicans. The Milwaukee *Journal*, most influential political voice in the state, lately has spoken of Willkie with increasing friendliness. The *Journal* gleefully backed Willkie's challenge to McCormick for a presidential primary fight in Illinois. Rising anti-isolation sentiment in the state was reflected in this summer's off-year GOP convention in Appleton. A convention resolution declared: "The United States must cooperate actively with all other like-minded nations in an effort to bring world peace. . . . The Republican Party believes this common ground can and must be found and an international reign of law and order developed."

One of the greatest dangers to a win-the-war position in the Republican Party of the Middle West is illustrated by the situation in Missouri. From Edgar Monsanto Queeny and other big businessmen in St. Louis, Willkie received militant support in 1940. Some of the businessmen now feel that Willkie hasn't taken enough opportunities to criticize Roosevelt on "domestic issues." Others, like Queeny, are so convinced the war will be won that for them the big issue is how to free "enterprise" from the mythical domination of the New Deal after the war. This, of course, means a determined effort to beat Roosevelt, which prompts some of these forces to think seriously about the MacArthur-for-President movement. Thus, they find themselves virtually aligned with the McCormicks, Vandenbergs, and Hoyts who are in this movement for their own sinister purposes. MacArthur's denial of last year was not sufficient to prevent this campaign. Many feel it is now his responsibility to repudiate this strangely assorted political combination seeking to make capital of his military achievements.

Barak T. Mattingly, a St. Louis lawyer and Republican national committeeman, has made himself spokesman for anti-Willkie Republicans in Missouri. Reps. Dewey Short and Marion Bennett represent the outright appeasement wing of the party. They are virulently anti-Willkie. There is danger that defeatists will take control of party policy unless men like Queeny, who is the biggest single force behind Missouri Republican politics, clarify their own position.

Bricker was already on the skids when he arrived in Missouri. Republicans were magnificently unimpressed by him. There is already talk that Taft would make a better man than Bricker, which may be another indication that the wily senator knew what he was doing when he put the governor out in front.

From these political currents and cross-currents, two important points emerge.

The first is that professional Republicans are acutely aware of the impact of the war on the men and women who usually vote Republican. They know that these voters are the fathers, mothers, wives and sisters of fighting men. The politicians are worried. That is why all but the extremists are beginning to shift away from an isolationist policy, or to camouflage their views in rhetoric and demagogy.

The second is that many anti-appeasement forces are also influenced by business-as-usual opposition to Roosevelt and the New Deal, and by hostility to necessary war measures which restrict their opportunities to do business in the same old way.

This leaves the Republican Party in the Middle West surrounded by an anti-isolationist trend, anti-New Deal pressures from within its own ranks and a rabid fascist-minded or "nationalist" minority which can make a disturbing lot of noise.

Willkie can win—his strength and his real and potential backing cannot be underestimated. But if Willkie and his supporters are to make certain of their opportunity for victory they must place their postwar policies more positively in terms of smashing the Axis first. They must join —as did President Roosevelt in his recent radio address—the home front with the battle front.

Isolationism and its new "nationalist" cloak are on the way out. Too many people are looking at distant spots on the map where their boys are fighting or filling a grave their parents will never see. Too many people are determined that it shall never happen again. Too many people—simple people with an appreciation for simple facts—know that the boys still living have a better chance of coming back because the Soviet Union has so valiantly engaged the bulk of the Nazi army on the Eastern Front. They have given expression to their feeling through gifts to Russian War Relief.

But demagogy and incomplete understanding of issues are still stalking hand in hand through the Middle West. GOP Chairman Harrison Spangler will be doing the expected if he leaves Mackinac Island with a now-you-see-it, now-you-don't foreign policy program, which can mean all things to all orators. Eloquent pledges of support for the war, draped with the flag and bunting, are being dangled before the eyes of the public, while an increasing campaign is waged against every measure necessary to strengthen the nation for victory. The campaign is never so identified, of course. It is always a fight against "bureaucracy" and "regimentation."

These are some of the dangers, facts, and possibilities facing the Republican Party in the Middle West.

FRANK RYHLICK.

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WITH CHINA'S GUERILLAS

A firsthand description of the extraordinary Eighteenth Group Army of the Chinese Border Region, by Lt. George Uhlmann. Soldiers who get their weapons from the enemy.

The following is among the best eye-witness accounts we have yet seen of the life of guerrilla armies led by Communists in the Chinese Border Region. The story is translated from a Border Region newspaper, and its author, Lt. George Uhlmann, at one time French vice-consul in Mukden, is now a naval officer serving with the French Liberation Committee. Lieutenant Uhlmann early last year escaped from Japanese-controlled Peiping and spent several months in guerrilla territory. His experience there takes on added significance in view of the very recent news that Kuomintang forces, under the influence of anti-democratic elements in Chungking, are still blockading the guerrilla areas and thereby immobilizing a large number of Kuomintang troops who might be put to better use in fighting the Japanese. This most serious violation of Chinese unity is again reaching the critical stage and is a source of the deepest concern to the United Nations.—The Editors.

I WAS in Japanese-held Peiping when the news filtered through that the Fighting French forces were being organized. I had enlisted in the French navy at the outbreak of the war, but after the fall of France I returned to Peiping where I had lived for many years and served with the French Consular Service. The news that my people were fighting back was the best news I had had for a long time. I determined to get through to the Fighting French delegation at Chungking and join them.

There was only one way to get there. I must contact the guerrilla units operating around Peiping; they could help me. But how was I to get in touch with the guerrillas?

In Peiping we heard many rumors about the Eighteenth Group Army [formerly the Eighth Route Army, led by the Communist, Chu Teh]. Japanese propaganda was full of contradictions. One day it proclaimed that the Army no longer existed. Next day, these "exterminated" enemies appeared again in the press as "Red bandits" who lived like monkeys in the trees, coming down from the hills at night to plunder the villages like the brigands in the novel *All Men Are Brothers*. Naturally the Japanese and their puppets did not tell people that they—and not the guerrillas—devastated the countryside. Nor that—as I was soon to find out—regular government continues to function peacefully in vast territories under the Eighteenth Group Army. Nor, of course, that it is the Japanese army that burns and pillages wherever it goes, and that after its departure it is the guerrillas and farmers together who rebuild, united in work and war against the invader. Unfortunately, few people in Peiping know these facts.

I was told that Eighteenth Group Army men were in the city of Peiping itself, under the very nose of the Japanese, but I was unable to contact them. I decided to leave Peiping and trust to luck. All I knew was that the Japanese held the river crossings, railway lines, and motor roads.

MY JOURNEY out of the city began, literally, as a picnic. I took the train to Tan Che Sze, about thirty-seven miles from the old capital, where there is an ancient temple well known to Peiping residents as an excursion point. An unpleasant surprise awaited me. A garrison of twenty Japanese soldiers was there before me. The commander stopped me. "Don't you realize that the Eighteenth Group Army units are all around here?"

I answered haltingly in Japanese, "I don't know what the Eighteenth Group Army is. I came here to read the classics under the blossoming trees, far from city noises."

"Don't tell us stories," said the Commander. "If you had known we were here you wouldn't have come."

Indeed! I thought—but I said, "I came because I knew you were here and because peace and prosperity reign wherever the Japanese army goes."

"Then you'd better not go to the temple, because we can't protect you there," advised the officer.

I told him I'd have to take the risk. They examined my knapsack. In anticipation of just some such incident, I had filled it with books among which were the four classics of Confucius. In the eyes of the Japanese, a man who occupies himself with books and takes to the mountains with Confucius, could not possibly be thinking of going over to the guerrillas. The ruse worked, and the soldiers became quite cordial. We parted, after they had again warned me about the "Red bandits" who infested the Tan Che Sze region.

That night, after leaving my books with the caretaker of the temple and telling him I would return in a few days, I went back to Tan Che Sze and spent the night. When a few days later I actually started my journey, I took my documents and uniform in a knapsack and several bundles of clothes and supplies. The caretaker warned me against staying overnight in the temple, as the Japanese were in a village only a mile distant. He very kindly showed me a mountain path which I could take to avoid the open road and enemy soldiers. Loaded down like a mule, I made for a village six miles away but lost the trail in the dark and spent the night instead in the hills west of Peiping.

Next morning, only thirty hours after leaving Peiping, I saw men in uniform coming toward me. I was sure I was being taken prisoner until I saw, as they came nearer, the sun emblem of the Kuomin-

The wall newspaper answers the paper shortage in China's Border Regions, and helps boost morale with its slogans, announcements, and international war news.

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Farmer-guerrillas gather for a surprise attack on the Japanese.

tang forces glinting on their caps. I had not expected to contact the guerrillas before reaching Pai Hua Shan, a famous mountain and a week's march from my starting point. How glad I was to run into them only twelve miles out. Never have I so cordially pressed the hands of friends!

My trip continued much more comfortably than I had hoped, and I want first of all to express my sincere gratitude to the Eighteenth Group Army, whose assistance made possible the first and most difficult part of my journey.

On the first night's march I carried my own belongings but after that I was given carriers and a donkey, and later a mule and ponies. Finally an Austrian doctor who had escaped from Tientsin and whom we met in Ku Kong where he was working in a hospital, gave me a big horse that had been captured from the Japanese. I, as a navy man who had never ridden horseback before, made my debut by covering some 250 miles on the beast.

Guerrilla positions do not form continuous straight lines, but frequently cross Japanese lines connecting enemy-held cities and mountain fortresses. We often had to pass through these lines or come uncomfortably close to them, using the utmost caution to avoid detection. Thanks to the guerrillas, I did not see a single Japanese during my trip, except for prisoners of war, although they were often very near. Once, for instance, just after we had crossed a railway and motor road the Japanese pursued us, coming within a mile of our party, which now consisted of three foreigners and a considerable number of troops.

ON APRIL 23 [1942], we arrived at Tiao Erh, headquarters of General Nieh Yung-chen, one of the leading figures of the Eighteenth Group Army Command. Several other foreigners who had escaped from Peiping had already arrived, and were surprised at the quick trip we had made. General Nieh, who had been educated in France, Belgium, and Germany, spoke to us in French. He combined both the military and political command of a vast rectangular region bounded on the north and east by Peiping, Paotou, and the Peiping-Hankow railway, on the south by the Tchengtai, and on the west by the Japanese-held Tatung-Puchow railroad.

The general made us comfortable in one of the few houses that had escaped destruction in the village. We immediately named it "International Hotel." Everything possible was done to make us comfortable. We were assigned a special interpreter, a former Yenching student called Liao K'e, four bodyguards, and a special cook who insisted on serving us foreign food though it wasn't nearly as good as his own Chinese meals. To kill time until we could be escorted safely to the next army station, we hiked in the hills, rode horseback, and had lively discussions.

There was no alarm in the village during our stay, but shortly before our arrival everyone had had to move into the hills because of a Japanese attempt to occupy the town. Even inside General Nieh's rectangle one cannot walk twenty miles without coming to an enemy stronghold. The Japanese usually hold the cities, and the guerrillas the countryside.

After a month's stay I was sent on to Second Division Headquarters which was to help get me through the Japanese-held railway. When I left, General Nieh insisted on giving me $100 (in Chinese currency) because "The guerrilla army's food in some of the villages in the no-man's land west of the Tungpu line is very poor. These poverty-stricken areas lack everything." I had accepted gratefully all the help that had been given, but I did not want to take money. It was Liao K'e, our interpreter, who convinced me that it was necessary.

We usually covered two and a half miles per hour, with animals traveling as slowly as men. Starting early in the morning, we walked or rode until well after noon, then had a long midday rest and did some more marching. When the Japanese were at our heels, we did some terrific stretches in the hills. Once we marched without sleep for three successive nights. Thirst and fatigue tortured me. The early morning hours, especially, seemed unbear-

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able. Once, clad only in shirt and shorts—my baggage being far behind—I walked shivering through a snow blizzard near Ching Chi Tai in Hopei, and again through sleety rain in the hills of Shansi. In the evening whenever possible we rested among the ruins and blackened walls of almost totally destroyed villages. We slept on unhinged doors or K'angs, heated Chinese pallet beds, and suffered from flea bites. Food was very poor, but that was unavoidable in this poverty-stricken region. Often there was no water to wash with or drink. Tea was a rare luxury, sugar difficult to find.

FINALLY we arrived at Tou Lu, the cave headquarters of the Second Division's political department. We spent three weeks there, and moved on into Shansi. On the morning of the 22d we arrived in the vicinity of the Tungpu railway and crossed it that same evening with a crowd of soldiers, children, journalists, and pregnant women. It was impossible to avoid detection this time. The Japanese chased us for several days, until we reached the Yellow River.

Two babies were born en route. One child was named Tung (East) and the other, Hsi (West), because they were born east and west of the railway lines. The mothers of these two newborn rested less than a day, and then were carried awhile on stretchers. A couple of days later we saw them again on horseback as though nothing had happened.

We marched in three stretches of thirty-five miles each, mostly at night over rough stones that cut our feet and along narrow mountain paths. Knowing that mules find their way safely and easily, I clung to the tail of one to avoid falling over the cliffs. This worked splendidly until the mule turned and kicked my knee. The big Japanese horse, which we rode by turn, couldn't take the mountain paths as easily as the ponies and mules, and fell twice into a precipice. Fortunately it escaped with only minor scratches but because it could not keep up with the column we finally had to leave it in one of the villages.

The difficult trip was made without mishap, thanks to the skill of the Eighteenth Group Army which, though it possessed almost nothing, offered us the best that could be found in food and clothing. These soldiers refused any payment and when we offered it, said, "In the face of our common enemy, fascism, we are all members of the same family. To us, every French, English, Russian, and American soldier is like a brother." Our escort took us into Yenan, from which we were soon to travel to Sian and on to Chungking.

I have never seen such complete destruction as that of the ancient walled city of Yenan which once had a population of about 60,000. I wouldn't have believed it possible. There are not more than six houses left standing. Brick and mud buildings have collapsed like houses of cards under Japanese bombardments.

Since the city's devastation by air attacks, residents have been living in caves, which are surprisingly comfortable lodgings dug out of the loess hills. Cool in summer and warm in winter, these caves are proof against bombing and cannot be detected from the air. The last Japanese raid—which, according to their communique, was made against "military objectives and war industries"—resulted in the injury of one pig. Naturally, Yenan cave-dwellers have no electricity or running water but they do have telephones.

The only motor vehicles in the city are three light trucks, ancient ambulances, given long ago by the Red Cross and Chinese patriotic organizations abroad. When we visited Mao Tse-tung [leader of the Chinese Communist Party], one of these battered cars was sent to fetch us. It looked as though it should have been sent to rest in the car cemetery along with twenty other old wrecks that repose outside the city. There are no rickshas in Yenan for it is forbidden to subject one man to the indignity of carrying another. Travel is by foot, bicycle, or horseback.

Life there is truly Spartan. The chief of the government allows himself one luxury—a room to himself—and nothing else. Prices of luxuries are not controlled—no one uses them. Merchants exist, and they are the only persons in the area who make money. Prices in Yenan seemed fantastically high compared with Hopei, but they were nothing compared to what we found in Sian and Chungking where cigarettes now cost twenty dollars a pack, and where I paid $150 for a box of matches, two collars, and a small tin of condensed milk. The Chungking dollar is worth $3.50 in Border Region notes, so it is evident that prices in the guerrilla areas are really much lower than those on this side of the line.

MY IMPRESSION is that a new China is developing in these guerrilla regions. After the universities were closed, students from Peiping and Tientsin came into guerrilla-held villages to preach new ideals of patriotism, democracy, and social reform. These young people are not Communists though they have often been called that. They are moved by ardent patriotism and the desire for China's progress.

Guerrilla-controlled territory is called "The Land of Five Withouts"—without beggars, without opium, without prostitution, without corruption, and without unjust taxes. One could add a sixth—without any fuss. In spite of poverty and almost without help from outside, the Eighteenth Army Group is accomplishing a double task: holding the invader in check and giving the people new ideals of social justice and progress.

In the beginning the people would not listen but now they understand. Because of the many students who were sent into the countryside by General Nieh, enlightenment has spread in Hopei more than in Shansi and Shensi, but there is cooperation between the military and civilian population throughout the region.

The farmers in Northwest Shansi and Northern Shensi are much more backward than those in Hopei and Yenan. Life has always been more primitive in the former areas, and the Eighteenth Group Army has held this region for only a year and a half. In Shensi I saw a slogan on the walls of a temple that was quite different from the usual kind. It said, "Trouble without, peace within," and was a religious slogan. There is no religious persecution in

Soldiers of the Eighteenth Group Army sing as they march. They are defending the strategic gateway to Central China, an area of prime importance in the war.

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these areas; religion, say the guerrillas, is a private affair.

The farmer goes to the polls and takes elections very seriously. Government is in the true democratic spirit, following the one-third system of representation—one-third Kuomintang, one-third Communist, and one-third non-party. This system has shown excellent results, and foundations are well laid for popular representation in the future. Men and women enjoy equal rights throughout the territory, and only old women have bound feet. Farmers are not oppressed by feudal taxes as in the old days, since a fair system of taxation has been worked out. Soldiers of the Eighteenth Group Army are under orders to pay for everything they use. In those villages where guerrillas are garrisoned, soldiers pay for their food with tickets which may be used by the farmer in paying his taxes. Education of young people in this region is done through texts that contain life stories of guerrilla leaders.

Capital and finance are better protected in the guerrilla areas than elsewhere, and the currency in Hopei is the most stable in all Free China. Living standards are stabilized, and first-priority necessities are government-controlled. The farmer is willing to listen to new ideas, now that he is guaranteed a measure of security. He enjoys good relations with the soldiers, and because he considers the Eighteenth Group Army to be a real people's army, he joins the guerrillas, taking part against enemy convoys and small detachments in order to capture arms and supplies. (Three-quarters of the guerrilla ammunition is captured from the Japanese.) Soldiers help the farmer cultivate the fields and farmers help the soldiers fight. There are few traitors among them.

In Hopei, especially, it is the farmers who form autonomous partisan groups that set out to accomplish three things: to gather information about the enemy and to prevent them from securing information; to guide other guerrilla units to the enemy; and to organize the transport of wounded so that sudden attacks are facilitated. Each village forms its own partisan detachment, and each partisan wears the ordinary blue gown of a Chinese farmer. They often carry rifles and are always armed with grenades. The chief of the Army's political department at Yenan Headquarters told us, "We have confidence in the people, and give them weapons to create a nation in arms."

BECAUSE of the country's poverty and the desire to maintain good relations with the farmers, the army is always underfed. Soldiers' meals consist almost entirely of millet. Two meals daily is the rule in winter, usually taking place at six in the morning and four in the afternoon. In summer three lighter meals are eaten daily. After supper officers and soldiers play football or baseball together. In spite of insufficient food, the army is accustomed to long marches of twenty-five or thirty-five miles a day. Specially trained troops are able to make as much as fifty to sixty miles a day on marches in the mountainous regions. Soldiers carry no water flasks, as metal is too scarce and precious; they depend upon villagers to give them water along the way. In arid mountain areas, however, long stretches without water are common, and one often sees guerrilla soldiers at their noon-day rest or at the end of a marching day, lying by the roadside exhausted from lack of food and water. Once we saw the corpses of two soldiers who had died of thirst.

The guerrillas treat the people well—asking only that they help in feeding the army. This cooperation was described to me as follows: "The army is like a school of fish and the people are the water without which the fish can neither live nor move. Therefore the water must be free of obstacles and the temperature adapted to the life of the fish. It follows then that the people must understand the reasons for the war and the necessity of resisting Japan."

The Eighteenth Group Army command is made up of two departments, the military and the political. Commanders like Nieh Yung-chen combine both posts. The chief mission of the political department is to imbue the farmer with the spirit of nationalism and resistance to the enemy. To do this, meetings are held in villages, and the walls are covered with simple but artistic drawings and appropriate slogans. Students from Peiping and Tientsin do their share in the war effort by activities of this kind. The theater also plays an important part in this educational work. Each political department is composed of an information service against traitors and spies, and also propaganda and morale agencies. In the latter, incidentally, there are several Japanese prisoners who work on propaganda directed toward enemy troops.

The Army has eleven commandments, of which three are especially important: to dedicate oneself to the anti-Japanese fight; to obey orders of superior officers; to take nothing away from the people. The eight secondary commandants are: to enter no civilian homes without permission from the owners; to thank residents where one is quartered; to keep one's quarters clean; to refrain from using the resident's compound as a latrine; to be polite to villagers; to pay for everything consumed; to return everything borrowed; and to pay for anything destroyed or damaged; to kill no prisoner-of-war or take anything away from them.

There are five disciplinary measures: admonishment by the chief; confession of misbehavior before assembled comrades-in-arms; confinement in a local prison; temporary expulsion from the army; and permanent expulsion. Before severe punishment such as expulsion, every attempt is made to awaken a sense of responsibility in the soldier and to make him conscious of the dignity of fighting for his country. There are no distinctions of grade, and officers and men wear the same uniform. The terms for soldier, officer, and general are: fighter, chief, and commander.

Deserters from the Eighteenth Group Army are not punished by court martial. Through persuasion, every attempt is made to explain the issues to them and get them to rejoin their units. Soldiers do not get leave except on those occasions when their regiments pass through areas near their native villages; then they are allowed to visit their families.

Soldier's pay is a dollar a month, and the highest ranking officer gets five dollars. Thus, veterans of the army like Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, and Nieh Yung-chen get pay that is lower than that of the common soldier in the Kuomintang armies. Unlike any other army in China, the Eighteenth Army provides sufficient means of existence for those permanently disabled.

The Army holds great sections of the provinces of Hopei, Shensi, Shantung, Chahar, Shansi, Honan, and Kansu. The war zones are divided into different regions; the Chin-Cha-Chi contains parts of Shansi, Chahar, Hopei, and Jehol; the Chi-Chung, Central Hopei; the Chin-Hsi-Pei, Northwest Shansi; the Ping Hsi, the Western Hills near Peiping; and the Ping Pei, in the region north of Peiping.

THE Eighteenth Group Army is a poor army in a poor country. Arms, equipment, medicine—everything, in short, is lacking. Most of the material it does have has been captured from the Japanese, and the soldiers jokingly declare that the Japanese are their best supply source. Rifles and pistols are hammered out from rails taken up during night-raiding expeditions against Japanese-held railway lines. Guerrilla war industries consist entirely of "factories" and "arsenals"—if one can use such a term to describe the small workshops where everything is made by hand. One rifle a day is the output of such "factories."

The equipment is pathetic in the face of the armed superiority of the enemy. Machine guns lack ammunition or are of different caliber from the cartridges captured. The favorite guerrilla weapon is the hand grenade, potato-masher type, manufactured locally. Since guerrillas hold only the agricultural areas where little mining and no industry exist, Japanese campaigns are really punitive expeditions intended to terrorize farmers and prevent guerrillas from consolidating their positions. The Japanese prefer to put up with temporary disruption of communication lines rather than to maintain costly garrisons.

When these punitive expeditions take place, soldiers and farmers take to the hills

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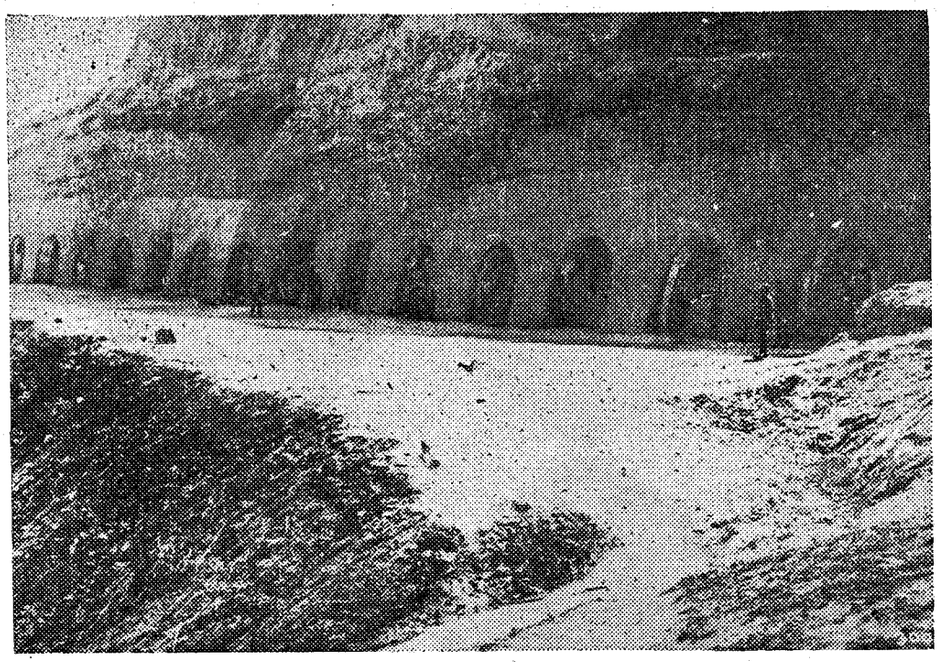

The world's strangest hospital. The Bethune Memorial International Peace Hospital in Yenan is housed entirely in caves—operating rooms, laboratories, etc., are kept dry and well ventilated underground.

with all their belongings. Grain and other non-perishable foods are buried. Furniture is hidden in dry river beds, caves, and even in trees. Not even chickens are left behind. When the Japanese are in small groups, they know they may be attacked at any time and have neither time nor inclination to linger long enough to round up or search for furniture and grain to burn. Instead they occupy a village until their own food supplies are exhausted, and then return to their base. Farmers and soldiers seize these occasions to attack, capturing weapons, uniforms, overcoats, and everything else they can get. Japanese seldom surrender when attacked but fight on to the end. Those few who do give themselves up are well treated. No Japanese officer has ever surrendered with the exception of one military surgeon who is now working in one of the Eighteenth Group Army hospitals.

I expected that enemy prisoners would be well treated, but the handling of forty Japanese captives at General Nieh's Headquarters surpassed all my expectations. They are well fed and better clothed than guerrilla soldiers; they have their own club where they enjoy recreational games. I saw them taking part in sports. The only marks distinguishing them from the others were sweaters they wore with the inscription "Japanese Accepted in China." They played football with General Nieh's officers and soldiers, and even his Chief-of-Staff took part. I wonder if that ever happens in Europe where officers would hardly play football with their own men, let alone prisoners of war.

There are no distinctions of grade on uniforms worn by guerrillas, nor are officers shown any special mark of respect outside the service. They wear the same uniforms as rank-and-file soldiers, eat the same food, and take part in all activities. The Japanese prisoners, like everyone else, enjoy this democratic atmosphere. When captured, they are allowed to choose whether to stay or return to their army. They are even allowed to leave later if they find they cannot accustom themselves to life in the area. In case they decide to return, they are given food and passes and are led to the outposts. Few avail themselves of this opportunity because the Japanese soldier is supposed to choose between victory and death and is sure to be severely punished or condemned to death by his own officers.

This generosity to prisoners is not only humane; it is also clever. Japanese soldiers are also sons of the people. That they are treated so well by the very people whose villages and homes they have destroyed, whose harvests they have plundered, and whose families they have massacred, makes a profound impression.

The Japanese, on the other hand, usually kill even civilian prisoners on the spot. Their favorite method is to cut off their heads or else they bury their captives alive, leaving only the head exposed to be devoured by rats and dogs. Sometimes they round up farmers and send them off to be used as slave labor in Manchuria. Partly out of sheer cruelty, and partly because they hope to deprive the guerrillas of their bases, the Japanese burn or destroy all that they find.

The Japanese army is like a lumbering elephant facing all kinds of obstacles while the Eighteenth Group Army is like a mosquito, able to turn about quickly and go everywhere. General Ho Lung, whom we met in Yenan, told us about the Tungpu railroad which we had just crossed.

"There is no railway line which the Eighteenth Group Army cannot cross. There is a saying among us—*'Pu Lu Chun yu ban-fa'* (the army always finds a way). Recently the Japanese tried to organize mobile units that would also be able to make surprise attacks, but they have been unsuccessful. As long as we know that the Japanese are a mile distant, we still have time to get away with all our gear and equipment." I can certainly confirm this because of my own experience on the journey to Yenan. In spite of their superior equipment the Japanese and their puppet troops constantly suffer defeats, even in open battle. During the "mopping up" campaign in the Hing Hsien area, 1,500 men were defeated and their commander killed. After this

Guerrilla children learn to play together according to approved methods of progressive education, in one of the nurseries sponsored by Mme. Sun Yat-sen.

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feat the Japanese withdrew to await reinforcements, then came back in even larger numbers.

BEFORE contacting the Eighteenth Group Army, I had an interesting experience. Passing through a village, I was stopped by puppet soldiers who knew that guerrillas were in the vicinity. They saw that I was a foreigner and guessed I was escaping from their masters. But they let me pass. When I reported this to the Eighteenth Group Army Commander at Pan Chiao he said, "You forget that these soldiers are also Chinese. They serve the Japanese because they are forced to—because they must eat—but they do so against their will. Whenever the Japanese are not around to watch over them, they do nothing. We have been here for more than a year but they leave us in peace; we do the same. We are good neighbors."

Although many women wear uniforms, there are none in the army. Their uniform is the mark of civil service in the political, social, or educational departments of the Border Region government. Women enjoy equal status with men, and each has her own work. It happens that couples are separated by virtue of having jobs in different places. They usually meet on Saturday nights to spend the week-end together. Dancing is very much enjoyed in this area, and dances are held regularly on week-ends. Plays and other entertainments usually take place on Saturday or Sunday nights. A professor of Yenan University whose wife works some distance away explained these relationships, so new for China: "Before, it was quite common to go to work and leave one's wife at home. Now women are free to choose their own occupations. They have been placed on an equal plane, and command the same respect as European and American women."

The army is also unusual in that its officers are very young men. One sees captains of eighteen years of age, generals of thirty. General Nieh Yung-chen is considered a veteran because he is over forty. By far the majority of soldiers are between eighteen and twenty, and there is a large number of children, known as Hsiao Kwei (Little Devils) of ten and fifteen years of age, who serve as orderlies. Later these children become messengers. In principle, they do not become soldiers and cannot carry arms until they are eighteen. In practice, however, they are often accepted before they reach that age. General Hsiao K'e, one of the best known guerrilla leaders, began his military career as a Hsiao Kwei, and his name is derived from the affectionate term given to the children. The resistance of these children is amazing; they carry heavy loads for endless stretches on the march, and they live the same frugal life as the soldiers.

Before leaving Yenan to go to Sian and Chungking, I had a talk with an American doctor there about guerrilla area relations with the Kuomintang. He told me that the general feeling was that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was not responsible for the tense relations that existed between the two groups. He laid the blame, rather, on local authorities in Sian and the War Minister, Gen. Ho Ying-Ch'in, who was described in Yenan as belonging to the "Peace at any Price" faction. Chungking is also charged with failure to strive seriously to give China a democratic government guided by popular representation. The hostility of certain factions in Chungking extends even to the guerrilla sick and wounded.

ON ONE occasion an international organization in Hongkong gave a guerrilla hospital six tons of medical supplies and a number of trucks which were greatly needed. A British relief worker brought the supplies as far as Sian but was not allowed to procede further. The supplies were placed in the care of an Anglo-Baptist Mission. This story was confirmed later when we talked to the doctors of the Baptist Hospital at Sian. The American doctor told us it was easier to get medicines from enemy-occupied territory than from the Kuomintang area.

Finally we were told that although the Border Region produces a surplus of salt, export is not allowed by Sian authorities, although the Sian area itself does not have enough salt for its needs.

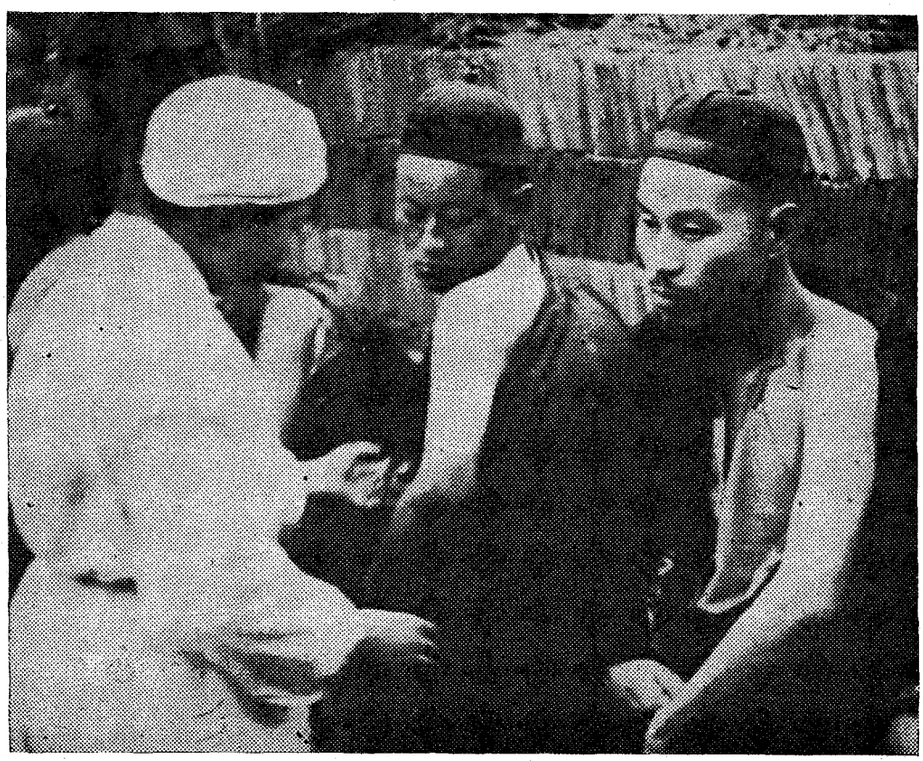
On our journey through the area we saw not one anti-Kuomintang slogan. Guerrilla leaders deplored the Kuomintang's unwillingness to help them, but they never went beyond that. The Generalissimo is held in high esteem, and it must not be forgotten that when he was kidnapped at Sian it was guerrilla leaders, through Chou En-lai, who interceded and secured his release.

The Chinese National flag and the blue Kuomintang banner were hung everywhere. Chungking publications circulated freely. At Fu Ping we met the Kuomintang representative in the Shansi-Hopei-Chahar Border government, and talked freely with him. Later we found that Kuomintang members participate in the administration of all sizeable villages which we passed through. Vice-President Hu of the Border Region government is a Kuomintang man.

In the Kuomintang-controlled area, it was quite different, as we discovered when we came into Sian. I frequently saw slogans on walls assailing guerrilla leaders, and heard attacks everywhere I went against the guerrilla regions.

During our stops on the trip through the Border Region, we were visited by the authorities, student association representatives, and journalists. Receptions were prepared for us by both military and civil authorities. At Yenan we were accommodated in the government guesthouse and were given $300 a day for expenses in the city. They even took the trouble to prepare quasi-European food with "French fried" potatoes in honor of our nationality. But when we left the border areas and reached Sian, we were immediately put under arrest simply because we had passed through the region. When we tried to leave, we were roughly handled. Our efforts to contact the Fighting French delegation in Chungking were obstructed. Even in Chungking we were detained for a short time before we were finally set free.

LT. GEORGE UHLMANN.



Chinese guerrilla fighters line up for vaccination at the Serum Institute.

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THE CHURCH IN A PEOPLE'S WAR

Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, editor of the "Christian Register," discusses the role of religious leaders in the fight against "the devil's disciples" and for the common man.

WE AS religious editors have a contribution to make to the times in which we live and to tomorrow's world. If I didn't believe that very strongly I'd be breaking down doors to be a chaplain in the armed forces, or a riveter in a shipyard at Hingham, Mass.

No amount of familiar routine, no similarity between the external environment of America today and yesterday, alters the tremendous fact that our old and repudiated civilization has died in our time. Our America is a part of this lost and repudiated world; our hope as religious men is a creative participation in a radically different new world—a difficult and demanding responsibility.

Religious journalism runs on a double track. It seeks to interpret secular events in religious language, and it at the same time seeks to translate religious events into the vernacular of the secular world. We dare not fail in either of these responsibilities. A religious journalist is more than a reporter. He is a man who lives in the House of the Interpreter.

We in this country have our responsibilities, if the century of the common man is to dawn. It is our peculiar business to see that religion enters into the thoughts of modern men. I was somewhat depressed by the announcements of the Pulitzer Prize awards recently—plays, films, novels, photographs, yet none of them reflecting directly the impulse and creative power of religion in any proper perspective of our American democracy. It would seem to me that from time to time the church should make notable contributions recognized by the judges of our cultural achievements.

I AS an editor am troubled by the Christian church and appeasement. It is an ugly tale and includes not only the appeasement by those churchmen who believe that we can conduct business with Hitler and the other fascist leaders. It also includes the appeasement by silence of those who say the Christian church is above the struggle and can permit history to unfold its black story without a pronouncement of judgment from the men of God. The story of the Christian church and compromise with fascism is one of our own inside jobs, one on which we must speak with utter candor. It is possible in spiritual and religious affairs to have "too little, too late." Fascism is not only political and economic exploitation, not only the building of a master-slave society; it is also the crucifixion of everything the Christian church presents with power to free men.

I pay my respects to my ministry in many communions and in thousands of parishes, the ministry of the bold prophets, the unwearied pastors, the ageless performance of the miracle of Christian charity serving in storm and calm. No cup of water given by such a hand, no bound wound, no word of hope to men in misery, are ever wasted or forgotten in the total experience of man's steep ascent to dignity. Let all this be remembered. I am not one without appreciation of such ministry as man to man, but this gracious individual ministry is basically alleviation, and we live in times that call for more than that. The Good Samaritan is not enough for the present black pit of civilization. The church is failing today despite all its service, all its offices, all its sacraments, its sermons, its deeds of mercy. The failure is partly our own doing. We recall, as we read recent world history, that the Soviet Union dismissed the state church vile with corruption and a scandal to all Christian teaching. The Spanish republic disestablished the church which later served as a vulgar handmaiden to a rebel government. In the Third Reich a formalized Lutheranism, terrorized by fascism and turning its face from its prophetic duty to future generations, sang the Nazi song with notable exceptions. So continues a dreary recital of Christian failure, not only by the church abroad but also by our own church in America, rich in "plants," eloquent in pulpit, generous in providing wholesome recreation for the great middle class, gifted in opportunity to serve a desperate generation, recreant in meeting it. Our statesmanship is frail and timid. Our forward vision is fogged with prudence, clouded with our predilections for security. These are harsh words which we speak to one another because the time demands them. We are stewards of great treasures. We dare not bury them or barter them for a mess of ecclesiastical pottage. God's grace can speak stronger than Himmler's brass knuckles. To this we must testify.

We have let other men carry the kingdom's burden in recent days while we were encumbered with much serving. The Christian dream of brotherhood, Amos' daring hope of justice, rolling as a mighty stream, have been protected and furthered often by men of little sympathy with formal religion, men swift to see the urgency of our crisis and the peril to our future. I think of such recent literary statements of this secular advancement of the kingdom in *The Seventh Cross* and *Hostages*. We live in a time when small proposals will not save us. As interpreters of the religious world to the public, we are under obligation to serve our present age to the utmost of our talents. Our job is not a recasting of theology or a refining of historic phrases. Our struggle is not with the ghost of Calvin or Cotton Mather, great as those names are in our memory, but with the devil's disciples of our own time, all that tribe who enjoy the lust of power for evil ends—Hitler, Mussolini, Rickenbacker, Dies, and many others.

OUR major over-arching task in the church is to help build a people's world. Edward Murrow of the Columbia Broadcasting System in London recently said, "If we win, there will be revolutions all over Europe." He is indeed right. The question is, "Where will the church of Christ stand?" Can we read our history aright? We journalists can help our readers discern the signs of the times, both good and evil. We can help them to see the meaning of the power of the Indian independence movement, as we can also show them the desperate efforts of our State Department to build a phalanx of clerical fascist states in Europe to quarantine us from the Soviet people.

The open door for the American churchmen today leads to the next era of history, a world nearer to the mind and conscience of Jesus, with respect for the mind of the common man, for his role in civilization. The century of the common man can have a church if it will pay the price. This calls for a church that understands where the issues of brotherhood lie at this hour, a democratic church, interracial, supported by the coins of living men rather than by the legacies of the dead. It is a church which will encourage free education for all, with the ballot for all, with economic opportunity for all, with the arts for all. In such a world the church will not be a place of empty pews. It will be an institution that serves with rejoicing men who come into its doors with praise.

If the church is helpless when fascism stands as a colossus astride the world bent on demolition of every Christian structure, then God himself has left us to our self-appointed doom. We churchmen serve more than an institution of sanctions. We are more than genteel funeral conductors ordained for the business. We are more than wedding officers. We are more than some convenient gentlemen to sprinkle water on the children as they are presented to us. Not that these great rites of birth, marriage, and death are of little moment, but it is important that living men and women come for our ministrations be-

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een these ceremonies during their three re years and ten. We are co-builders of norrow's world. We plant in the minds children, youth, and men the seed of d, the revolutionary hope that the king- m lies within their grasp, that bread d love and truth and brotherhood can ely come to pass.

Our churches are for moral and spiritual tification and advancement, for devo- n, for worship, for thanksgiving and yer. Yes, they are for all of this, but all of this in a vacuum of an echoing nple. This reunion of the spiritual and terial is a Homeric task. It is a task for rculean men.

Y WAY of summary, I would say we have let other men than ourselves y the burden of building the kingdom God on earth, while we consumed our gies in wrestling with demons of creed- n and sectarianism. The Christian ch has yet to muster its power in the ning of the century of the common . It has yet to speak with power to millions of oppressed, to the great es of workers, to those who under rent revelations choose to serve their faiths rather than our own.

his is no time for the summer soldier the sunshine patriot in religion. Mag- nity, tolerance of other faiths, a de- n to a new commonwealth of nations e justice dwells, these are called for is day of warfare. The urgency of the offers us no alternative. As in Franco's Spain, as in Russia under the czar in of the Revolution, as in Norway under r's men, churchmen must decide, as l men, whether our faith in the peo- stronger than our fear of change and ation to an era being born.

al perils face us and the pulpit and hurch press dare not be silent: clerical m is at work, the enemies of labor here in America the destruction of lized workmen. The National Asso- n of Manufacturers seek to dine the y into a blessing on their plans to set lock of mankind backward. Tumult friction of mind, and today of body, part of the process of winning and ning freedom, as we children of Jeffer- and Lincoln should well know. We a period when the church and its ual resources can marshal the con- ce of the people if we will pay the in candor, sacrifice, and patience in ower of the children marching under s banner.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN.

rend Fritchman's discussion was pre- d as an address to the recent conven- of the Associated Church Press in York, and has appeared in the Uni- list journal, "The Christian Leader." journal which Reverend Fritchman "The Christian Register," is Uni- n.

Words for All Proud People

Take everything else from the proud people—
you can never take pride!

Take the fruit of their labor: stolen and hoarded,
like a rotten apple, it shall ruin it all before winter has gone.

Leave only one thing, the inevitable seed;
and let it be blown over hungry ground,
it will find its way, it will flourish and rise
in the rocky pasture, on the precipice, held
by a purpose: a will to cling, and to struggle
out of the darkness, and into the sunlight.

Take their beautiful books, and the right to pen them:
they will be written in the long nights of anguish;
they will be written in the blood of the trampled;
they will be torn from the heart, and be written
and ever and ever rewritten at the great strong desks of the mind.

Take their rising songs, and the right to sing them:
the scars will be healed, and, while they are healing,
the thought will go deeper, and the note will grow sweeter,
the pitch will be true, and the range will be wider;
every meadowland murmur, every mountain-peak call will be
muted deep down in the streams of the heart.
Take their homes, and their gardens and the right to keep them:
they will keep the foundations as the rock in the earth:
they will keep seed in darkness till the sun reappears:
they will keep the hearth lit in the homes of the heart.

Take their right to worship: though your whip's above them;
though the fingers that played on the harps of the world,
though the hands that brought here the sounds of the heavens,
though they all be rougher and redder and bleed,
though your whip's above them as they kneel at labor,
they will kneel at the organ, they will kneel in prayer.

Take everything else from the proud people—
you can never take pride!

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

"Words for All Proud People" is from the forthcoming anthology "War Poems of the United Nations," edited by Joy Davidman, to be published by Dial Press in late October.

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"WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM?"

RECENTLY I have been reading about the Abolitionists and their great fight against slavery between 1720 and 1865. I was surprised to find that they, too, were dubbed foreign agents. With an incredible speciousness that is now somewhat hard to believe, it was said they represented British textile interests intent on smashing their New England rivals. The lie was given particularly wide circulation during the visit of the English Abolitionist Thompson, in 1834. Everyone is familiar, of course, with the fact that the Jeffersonians were charged with representing iniquitous revolutionary France and equally familiar, I suppose, with the nativist movements like Know Nothings whose refrain, addressed principally to the Irish, was "Why don't you go back where you came from?" This rhetorical query has a long history in American life. In almost every generation it has been trotted out to oppose those Americans battling for a wider democracy. I was a little surprised, therefore, to see Max Lerner use a variation of it in maintaining that Communists weren't Americans because "their hearts were in the highlands with Stalin." In fact his entire argument was redolent of the hoary self-righteousness of the A.P.A.'s of the '80's—"We can't collaborate with you because you ain't American enough. And you're bad, too."

This stuff is hard to combat because it puts the answerer on the same level with the accuser. No one wants to say, "I am more American than you are!" and thus also descend to the depths. Similarly certain liberals claim to have a corner on some kind of mystic integrity, usually short on specific action but high in purity. The fact that they malign Communists with a kind of eager, slavering, shining-eyed intensity, and with the manners of a Fundamentalist reporting fictitious high-jinks in a nunnery, does not shake their conviction of a well-bred purity totally beyond that of a factory worker who happens to be a Communist. Yes, it is difficult stuff to deal with and remain in the bounds of good taste but if one insists on entering the arena with Max I suppose he should try to answer his clarion innuendo that Communists aren't American enough.

I HAVE known a good many Communists for a good many years. I have always been interested in why they became Communists. In the first place I found that few thought they were going to contribute either to their popularity or prosperity by becoming Communists. The common denominator of almost all of them was a love of their country sufficient to make them want to do something about it. From the time they were children they had been immensely excited by the Declaration of Independence, and its phrase that "all men are created equal" so excited them that it seemed a sacrilege to let it remain rhetoric and seemed a duty to make it definitely true. They loved their country with a passion that made the academic, the world without action, a mockery of that love. They were so impressed and filled with the great promise of American life that it seemed tawdry not to think as basically as possible in realizing that promise; seemed cheap and self-seeking to reject a program that would attain it simply because it was unpopular. They had read again and again of the attacks on Jefferson and Jackson, on the Abolitionists and the trade unionists, and they knew that all progress had been attacked by the dainty who said that the battle smelled of blood and sweat and that the battlers were uncouth proponents of the foreign. They had read Paine and Whitman and Emerson and Lowell and Thoreau and Mark Twain; they had thought of the great anonymous who froze at Valley Forge and died at Gettysburg, and they said to themselves that the great sin would be to do nothing to achieve the dream of an American life that has beauty, dignity, security, and participation for all in the actual business of directing life.

AND most of them thought, too, that patriotism was as simple as this: that you loved your fellow-man, that you loved life, that you loved the rain on the roof and the whistle in the night and ham and eggs in the old farm house and the lilacs before it and the pushcarts on the streets of New York; that you loved the smell of hay, the thunder of the sea, and the sunlight in the woods; that you loved the wind in the trees and morning on the Mississippi and sunset on the prairie and high buildings cleanly ascending and crowds hurrying and the wind-blown neons and tugs on the river and the shriek of the El and all the million things that combine to make a country of men. They did not know that they were not American or that their patriotism flowed from the Kremlin.

Yes, I have known a good many Communists who seemed peculiarly American to me. The fact that they were not popular in well-bred quarters seemed proof of it, for the Jeffersonians were jailed by the score as foreign agents under the Alien and Sedition Act and all the "best people" were against the Abolitionists. I have known Communists who were Jews and born in Poland and they seemed deeply American to me just as others born in Poland seemed deeply un-American in their desire for conformity, golf clubs, and acceptance. I have known many, many Communists whose ancestors fought in the American Revolution and somehow they, to me, always seemed most at home for their tradition is revolutionary. It's the poor, little fellow shaking with eagerness to be accepted by the proper and the smart who seems to my fancy to be un-Amercan in this land of the cracker barrel, the unashamed Adam's Apple, and the village atheist.

I SUPPOSE it *is* true that the hearts of American Communists are in the highlands with Stalin—but it is a phrase written with the applause of the elect already in the writer's ears and therefore unconcerned with the whole truth. Any American heart is where mankind is advancing. It was Garrison who proclaimed "My countrymen are all mankind." It was the Declaration of Independence, that ever embarrassing, always relevant document, which spoke specifically of "ALL MEN." And the hearts of Americans are with the peon in Mexico, the untouchables in India, and the Eighteenth Group Army in China. The hearts of Americans are in the highlands with Stalin and with de Gaulle in France and with the underground in Berlin. The hearts of patriots are wherever mankind fights for progress. You cannot love your own country unless you love the world nor can you serve it by any variation of the old cliche, "Why don't you go back where you come from?"

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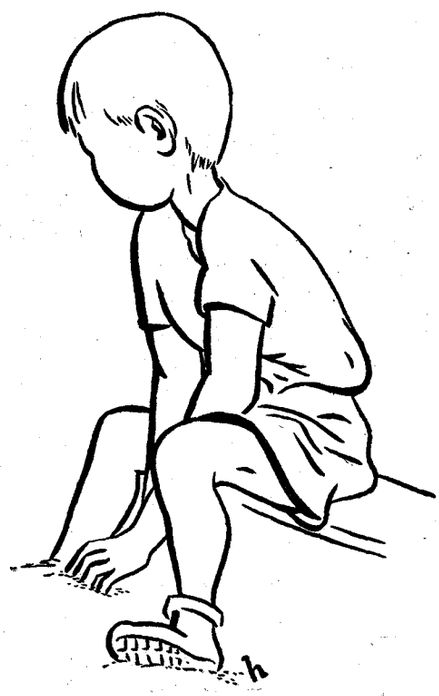
CONCEPTS OF NATIONALISM

renburg's "Fall of Paris," says Morris U. Schappes, defines love of country in its vital meaning. triotism and international brotherhood.

HIS sensitive and illuminating review f *The Fall of Paris*, Samuel Sillen has lready described Ilya Ehrenburg's work as "the epic of a nation" in h "every value and prejudice, every tion and temperament is tested, not olation but in terms of the complex sections of individual, class, and na- l interest." (NEW MASSES, June 29) much our country needs Ehren- s vivid object lessons in the meaning ationalism today is indicated by the fact that the reviewers of the book e conservative and liberal press have too obtuse and prejudiced even to this main thesis of Ehrenburg's: that ce fell because there were so many ve forces in France that insisted on ıg class, private, or even religious in- s above the interests of France itself. e who were partisan to any cause but ce turned out to be, intentionally or wise, traitors to the nation. Millions nations are learning this lesson of tism. It is known in Italy, where *Milano Liberta*, on July 27, made ppeal: "We proffer our hand to all s who are Italian patriots and good ıs . . . and who wish to unite with est of the nation to save Italy. We them like brothers." It is known in Jersey, where labor succeeded in ng the Hague and Edison wings of emocratic Party together so that they vercome the threat of the defeatist in the state who are clustered around oover-Hawkes-Edge Republican ma- It needs to be still more widely ı, and Ehrenburg's *Fall of Paris* be used consciously to spread such edge.

renburg of course has been expressing ncept of nationalism in other forms his novel. For instance, in the New *Times Magazine* of Jan. 3, 1943, burg had an article entitled, "Hate is n Ammunition," which the *Times* en misinterpreting ever since. "There mericans," Ehrenburg wrote, "who s day are puzzled to know how So- Russia could implant in the hearts of ons such selfless patriotism, how a y whose national anthem is called International' could display such will end its national culture. I have heard ners say, 'Isn't this a reversion to the past?' But a spiral, we know, is often taken for a circle. National consciousness is in the air of our times. The cosmopolitanism of the nineteenth century is a thing of the past, the dreamers who were patriots of time and space have died out. Love for one's own village has been resurrected. But that is not a reversion. Can one love mankind without loving one's own people? . . . We have not lost faith in the brotherhood of nations but our love of our motherland has made it a living faith."

The *Times*, unfortunately, has been preferring to see the circle rather than the spiral. In "Why Russia Fights?" (editorial, Jan. 5, 1943) the *Times* inaccurately asserts that "the Communist ideology was based" on this tawdry cosmopolitanism and ends by urging American Communists to learn from Ehrenburg. But our whole nation, including the Communists and the editors and readers of the *Times*, can and should learn from Ehrenburg. For Ehrenburg has understood the theory and practice of the nation as Stalin has set forth in his great work *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question* and applied it in the multi-national state of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. This understanding is elaborately exhibited in his account of the fall, and of the forces that are making for the rise of the French nation.



A SKETCH of the way certain typical characters in the novel are defined in relation to their understanding of loyalty to the nation can reveal how Ehrenburg allows his people to develop in terms of his concept of French nationalism. Jules Desser, for instance, the finance capitalist, is of particular interest both to British or American audiences and to Soviet readers. Desser, Ehrenburg writes, "had a political ideal. He wanted to preserve the France he had known from childhood; its wealth and continuity; the unshakable foundations of the family with its intimate dramas, its jealousy stronger than love, and its epic lawsuits over inheritances; the pleasant tedium of French provincial towns; the unconcern and at the same time the thriftiness, even stinginess of the housewives; the industriousness which obliged well-to-do old men to dig their vegetable plots or mend fishing nets; the flower-beds of the *rentiers* with sweet peas and green peas that have no equal in the world; . . . the world intrigue in the refreshment-room of the Chamber and the academic disputes as to which *aperitif* is most beneficial to the stomach; the rights of patronage, the mutual guarantee of the Masonic lodges, the clannishness that gave to high politics an atmosphere of comfort and intimacy; . . ."

But Desser painfully learns that you cannot preserve that France or any France unless you secure the *independence* of France and that his own maneuvers to split the Popular Front had led to its subjugation. Because he learns too late, his personal sclution is that of suicide. But our own Big Business men, who so often toy with the ideas of treason, can learn from Desser's fate how to avoid it; they can live only if the nation endures. And Soviet audiences are enriching their own psychological understanding of the nature of those big capitalists in Britain and our own country who desire a postwar epoch of peaceful collaboration with the Soviet Union. The living Dessers, patriots of their respective nations, are important allies of the Soviet Union.

It is a well known Marxian principle that the wills and intentions of individuals

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do not govern the consequences of their actions, that man, so to speak, proposes and the relationship of social forces disposes. Desser is not the only one in the book who awakes to find that he has achieved the opposite of his heart's desire. Breteuil, the De La Roque type of fascist, organizer of the street thugs of the Croix de Feu, finds that when he helped Paris fall he got worse than he bargained for. He goes to see General von Schaumberg, gauleiter of Paris, to "arrange" for certain "concessions." He thinks: "France was beaten, but France was, and would continue to be, a great power. She had colonies and a navy. And Hitler had got England on his hands. He would have to pay court to France."

But von Schaumberg has other opinions and is indifferent. "Breteuil mentioned the fact that the occupation authorities in Lorraine were removing all signs in the French language. At this the general livened up a little and said: 'There are no occupation authorities in Lorraine. It is part of Germany.' Breuteuil could stand it no longer. For the first time he permitted himself to abandon the language of diplomacy. 'I'm a Lorrainer,' he said." Getting nowhere, Breteuil leaves, and walks the streets, reflecting: "What was particularly funny was the fact that there was no longer any France. There was Paris—streets, houses, shop signs; there was the aged marshal, and there were forty million wretched people. But there was no France. That, he thought, is where one can say like von Schaumberg: 'No! No!!' . . . 'God knows it wasn't what I wanted!' Breteuil said. . . . France was snug under the German boot. . . ."

But Ehrenburg is not for easy and unconvincing conversions. Breteuil goes home and writes "To His Excellency, Herr General von Schaumberg, . . . For my own part, I am prepared to work with you in exterminating British agents, Communists, and adherents of de Gaulle. I am forwarding to the Commandant's office a list of bad Frenchmen. . . ." Yet it is from such Breteuils, after time and sad experience have sharpened their consciousness of French national interests, that those underground forces come from what used to be the right, who now gather in national unity with Communists, de Gaullists, and all other patriots, and who work with British agents and American agents for liberation of France and all nations.

Ehrenburg also has his "nineteenth century cosmopolitan" in the novel—Lucien Tessa, son of the corrupt Daladier-type Radical Minister Paul Tessa. Lucien is the sophisticated literary boulevardier, flirting with the left, unwitting agent of fascists for whom he steals documents from his father's desk, dissolute and disintegrating. Called into the army, he seeks death through recklessness, begins to get a glimmering of the meaning of France to him as the Germans smash the weak resistance, finds in patriotism a new will to live, and dies, not without dignity, at the hands of a frightened peasant at whose door he stops to beg for bread.

But by way of contrast there is the old bearded radical deputy Fouget, a nineteenth century nationalist who develops, in reacting to the crisis of France, into a twentieth century nationalist. "Fouget was a conscientious historian. His books about the Jacobin clubs in Picardy and the struggle against the Chouans had merited general recognition. He lived not only for scholarship but also for the cliches of the French Revolution. Patriotism for him was synonymous with simplicity of manners. He would exclaim with absolute naturalness: 'The fatherland is in danger!' . . . He was blinded by his love for the past. . . . For him the world was limited to France; what happened in other countries was of no interest to him. . . ." When Fouget begins to understand the French Communists he begins to relate his ardor for the past to his ardor for a living France. "Fouget once said of the Communists: 'They express themselves in an abstract manner, but they're good patriots.' " In November 1939, when the French government decided that their main enemy was the Communist Party and the trade unions, Fouget "came out with the statement: 'The persecution of the Communists is demoralizing the Army.' Tessa retorted: 'Then you are for Hitler?' The deputies applauded him, and Fouget left the tribune to the accompaniment of good-natured jeers." After the French Ministers had decided to abandon Paris, Fouget proposes to Tessa: "We must raise a people's militia! . . . They said Madrid wouldn't hold out even two days, and it held out for two years. Arm the workers and you'll see wonders." But Tessa, not thinking of France but of partisan politics, replies: ". . . it would be madness to arm the Communists with rifles. Of course, you'd be delighted. But you're the exception. All the Radicals would raise a howl, to say nothing of the Socialists. As for the right—well, [General] Picard once told me that if the workers attempted to seize power he'd open the front." So Paris becomes an open city, France an open country.

To General Picard, the Petain type, the French nation is something that can be preserved only at the expense of other nations. As General Leridot, the Gamelin type, explains to Colonel Moreau after the fall of Paris: "That adventurer de Gaulle has backed the wrong horse. . . . In a month Hitler will be in London. . . . I consider Laval's line is right. . . . I tell you frankly, the victory of Germany is to our advantage. We'll be able to occupy a prominent position in the new Europe on a level with Italy. When Hitler has finished with England, he'll deal with Russia. Of course, there's the Red Army, but it's not worth much. . . . General Picard considers that once Hitler has got hold of Kiev, he'll give us back Lille. . . ." Has anyone ever explained so brilliantly the mentality of the Vichy collaborationists, thinking of themselves as French patriots while they do all they can to destroy the French nation?

There are innumerable other instances, forming the very heart of the book, that could be cited to point up Ehrenburg's handling of the subject of nationalism, but the essence of all of them is that there is a political, practical test for the French patriot. The question is not whether he was born a Frenchman but whether he will consciously subordinate all lesser interests to the paramount issue of the independence of France. Even non-political people like the artist Andre Corneau or the schoolteacher Agnes Dubois acquire toward the end of the book not an interest in what might originally be called politics but in France itself. They realize that they can be "non-political" only while France is free, and they are ready to join the fight for that freedom as non-partisans. While there is an Axis on the march, no one dares take his country for granted. In such conditions, a nation is not an axiom, but an ideal to be defended. In a very unobtrusive way, Ehrenburg shows in occasional touches how the French Communists were among the first to understand this, and outstanding in the zeal with which they tried to impart this knowledge to all of France.

Against the jackal nationalism of General Picard, who expects to regain Lille when the Russians lose Kiev, there is the patriotism of the Communist worker Michaud, who goes to Spain to fight for the security of France. Kin to Picard is the Socialist Minister Villard, the Blum type, a phraseur of the left, impotent, able to be firm only when he is in the wrong, as when he forbids the sale of French planes to the weapon-hungry Spanish republicans. Ehrenburg drives the lesson home: the only true nationalism is one that respects the national rights of all other nations, and regards an invasion of one nation as an invasion of all; the only true internationalism is one that has its roots in the fighting love of one's own country.

Unsubtle people, eager to jump to damaging conclusions, have interpreted some of Ehrenburg's articles, particularly those that breathe hot hatred of the Germans, as a reflection of a nationalism turning into chauvinism. With that misinterpretation has come a distortion of what Ehrenburg contributes to the current discussion of how Germans are to be depicted in literature. *The Fall of Paris* has several scenes that exemplify Ehrenburg's views thoroughly. Take this scene, when the Germans enter Paris. "The milkwoman was standing with a couple of children near the house where Andre lived. She was looking

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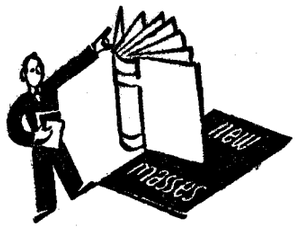

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at the Germans and sobbing. . . . One of the (German) soldiers, a middle-aged, tired-looking man, went up to her and began to say something, as though trying to console her. She did not understand his language. Then he took a photograph out of his pocket. It showed him dressed in his Sunday best and surrounded by four children. In an attempt to make her understand, he held up four fingers. He began to pat the milkwoman's children, but they shrank away in fear and hid behind their mother. She thanked him and even tried to smile, but when the soldier went away she said to Andre: 'The most terrible thing was that for a moment I began to feel sorry for him. We mustn't feel sorry now. Now we've got to. . . .' She burst into tears again and Andre couldn't understand what she was saying."

At the very end of the novel Andre is talking to a German ichthyologist whom he had met years before in Paris. At first believing the German had come to arrest him as his friends had been arrested, Andre finds the German has come up just to renew acquaintance, after having been told by his officer earlier that day that he was "a bad German." Andre: ". . . But do you realize, monsieur, that I'm a Frenchman?"

"I do realize it. It's the very thing that hinders me from speaking. I thought we were people of the same culture. But there is a gulf between us. I don't know how it can be filled up."

"Neither do I." Andre's voice became more gentle. "It will have to be filled up with blood. It won't be able to be done without blood here."

"Isn't there enough of it already?"

"Plenty. But not the right sort. And now go away."

Andre's final wisdom is: "Decency has now got to be proved with blood."

THE Italian people are now proving their decency, their patriotism, their renunciation of aggressive intentions, in the only solvent for the sins of fascism: blood, sweat, and militant struggle against Italian and German fascists. The German people are no less ready to do so, given the conditions of an Anglo-American land invasion of Germany that would coordinate with the Soviet offensive to shiver Hitler's power as the landing of Sicily shivered Mussolini's. Ehrenburg, in an article entitled "Dawn" published in this country on June 26, 1943, rejects with scorn the Goebbels imputation that the Germans must continue to fight because they are hated as Germans. "The wolf is hated," Ehrenberg says, "not because he is gray, but because he devours sheep. Racial and national hatred are alien to us as before. We hate the Germans because in their concept they have drenched the world in blood. We hate them because they are fascists. We defend our homes and our Soviet country . . . love broadens the mind. Loving Russia, we love Europe, we love the world. No matter how great is our hate for Hitler's soldiers, for fascist Germany, for the predatory traditions of the Reich, its pseudo-science, its greed, we have not because of this begun to burn Goethe's or Schiller's works, we have not renounced the old German philosophy or music. . . ."

Ehrenberg the Soviet patriot loves Russia and loves the France whose fall he describes so that other nations may be prevented from falling. In this war for the national independence of every one of the United Nations and the liberation of subjugated nations, grasp of the meaning of nationalism is a necessity for the winning of the war. In countries like ours, which contain classes that have interfering interests in some respects, it is especially important that people of all classes learn that they can survive only if the entire nation survives. Prejudices, programs, habits, attitudes that lessen our power to survive are anti-national, ultimately treacherous, and must be eliminated. The consequences of not doing so are writ large in *The Fall of Paris*.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

World Odyssey

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS, *by Eve Curie. Doubleday Doran. $3.50.*

ALTHOUGH *Journey Among Warriors* is Mlle. Curie's first book in English, her prose is as clear as Thoreau's when she set forth the reasons for her journey: "Yet I well knew why I was going. I wanted to see at work the coalition of free men that was slowly being formed to fight the great War of Independence of the World. I wanted to watch the team of anti-Axis nations gradually tightening the grasp that would, one day, stifle the enemy." She was not a trained journalist when she left New York in November 1941; she speaks, rather, as a sensitive woman with a tremendous will to victory, constantly motivated by the fate of her own France and her mother's Poland, and as a passionate believer in democracy as the best way of life.

Her journey took her by plane, train, automobile, ricksha, and foot to most of the fighting fronts of the world—the Western Desert, Russia, Burma, China—and to the political centers of many nations less directly involved in the struggle—Free French Syria, Iran, India.

In Burma the British defenders had not sensed the new temper of their bombed countrymen at home, and regarded and fought the campaign as a game in which their team was outclassed. But the other warriors Mlle. Curie met had only one idea: to fight as hard and efficiently as possible and to get enough planes, tanks,

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and guns to fight harder. No one had the least doubt of the ultimate victory. The Free French fliers in Cyrenaica and the troops training in Syria looked forward to going home to France, and the Chinese woman in the small village outwardly untouched by the war was sure that the Japanese would be driven out of China. The first thing that happened in Tula after the siege was lifted was a district meeting to plan permanent reconstruction, and Red Army men and workers behind the lines thought only of the war and of winning it. Iran, then recently cleared of Axis agents, was a hive of United Nations experts trying to straighten out the confusion of roads and railways and ports so that supplies could get to Russia and the Far East in time.

Although Mlle. Curie stayed no longer than two months in any one country, she has the ability quickly to catch the fighting spirit of the fighting peoples, to illustrate it by significant quotation and incident, to present it so that it retains all the impact of reality. When she discusses political questions, however, she seems to rely more on what she has read and less on her own observation. She criticizes, for example, people who go to the Soviet Union with pre-formed opinions, but in spite of her great admiration for the Russians' total and single-minded way of fighting the war, she apparently still retains the idea that the Soviet Union is an oppressive dictatorship, and therefore took the overwhelming unity of thought and action in the war against Hitler fascism as an indication that there is no "free" discussion in Russia and that everyone must follow the "line." The citizen of a country that fell because of its fifth column, she still was "given the creeps" by the use of the past tense when a political commissar said, "We too *had* a fifth column"—as though the right of traitors to destroy a country were one of our fundamental liberties.

YET in China she was more impressed by Gen. Chou En-Lai's thoroughly Marxist analysis of the war than by any of her interviews with other leaders, and found him the only important Chinese who agreed with her that Hitler should be beaten before Japan. The other philosophies that are more or less united behind Chiang Kai-shek baffled her altogether and she contented herself with noting, rather than evaluating them.

In India, too, in spite of her admiration for Nehru and her awareness of the complete ostrich-like complacency of the governing society, her feeling of urgency about the war led her to ignore altogether the justice and history of many of the Congress' claims. She was in India at the time of the Cripps mission and could see only that Gandhi and some others were making trouble with Japan on their doorsteps. Apparently she never thought that the proposals Sir Stafford brought out were extremely inadequate and looked like the usual run-around to all politically conscious Indians.

As a matter of fact, it is a considerable tribute to Mlle. Curie's personality and devotion to democracy that the book makes the strong impression that it indubitably does. Most of its factual matter has been previously reported in newspaper stories or spot-news books by returning correspondents. And so quickly does history run nowadays, many of the campaigns of late 1941 and early 1942 already sound like tales of Hannibal. There is little she can add to a reader's political understanding. Yet so well does she present all the fronts as part of one war, so great is her driving feeling that we must all fight together now and work together in the future and live for our countries and the United Nations as many are dying for them now, so strong is her faith in democracy and its final triumph, that this becomes a moving and exciting book, another milestone toward a free world victory.

SALLY ALFORD.

The Greeks Fight On

MIRACLE IN HELLAS, *by Betty Wason. Macmillan. $2.75.*

THE first part of this book, in which the author tells of her own experiences, contains in many instances realistic and even moving descriptions of the Greek-Italian war front, life in Athens before Greece fell, the tragedy of the fall, and the six weeks' period following. The difficulty is that Miss Wason's observations are very often skin-deep, based on what she heard through inexperienced and uninformed interpreters, or superficial discussions among American and British correspondents and interviews with officials. Indeed, in view of her limited contacts with the masses of workers, peasants, and middle classes, it is amazing how correctly she was able to gauge Greek life in some instances, even though not always on major political issues.

The reader will no doubt be impressed by vivid and colorful descriptions of scenes and incidents, but he will hardly become acquainted with certain fundamental facts. For instance, the author almost ignores

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King George's rule as the real dictator of Greece. Then she repeats the myth of Metaxas' "courageous" attitude toward the Italian ambassador, when the latter delivered Mussolini's note; in quoting some gossip of Metaxas' physician, she leaves the impression that perhaps Metaxas was not a Germanophile—just "pro-Greek." Even General Tsolacoglou appears as a misguided "hero," who before his final treason often disobeyed orders and was pardoned because of his ability as a general.

An ordinary American reader might sympathize with both Metaxas and Tsolacoglou on the basis of such confusing interpretation. Miss Wason, like many other correspondents, either did not realize at all or did not realize fully that these figures—Metaxas, Tsolacoglou, and others—all supporters of King George—were fascists. They were not dictatorially-inclined Greek patriots; they were unqualified servants of foreign imperialistic interests. The author's confusion is shown in the fact that another of her heroes is Mikhailovich of Yugoslavia. Speaking of a "Balkan Front," she refers to the Greek patriot Rhigas Feraeos who lived in the eighteenth century. Rhigas Feraeos was a real revolutionist of the Jacobin type, while Mikhailovich is a servant in the interests of an oligarchy.

It is curious, too, that while Miss Wason uses highly political quotations from Pericles and Demosthenes, her own Greeks—Nita, Daphne, and others—are rather non-political. The author recognizes the existence of a political struggle in Greece, but [there] is not even a hint of its deeper social and economic causes. She devotes a whole chapter to the armed forces in the Middle East, but seems to be uninformed about the struggle of the Army and Navy lower strata—as well as some higher officers—against the fascistic command—a struggle that recently brought about some Cabinet changes. Miss Wason also tells only part of the story of how the cruiser *Averoff* was brought to Egypt. It is known that the higher officers of many naval units, including the *Averoff's* crew, decided to surrender, and that the plain sailors forced them to sail out of the enemy's reach.

While Miss Wason's book has serious political shortcomings, her affection for the Greek people is genuine. This affection gives the book a certain strength and readability. I could only wish that she had been more careful with her sources and interpretations.

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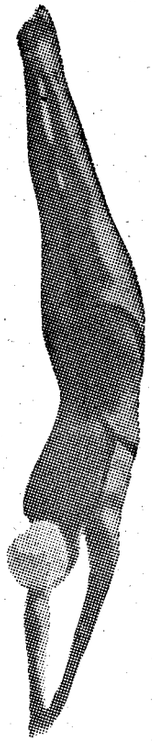

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I HAD seen *Run Little Chillun* in its first production ten years ago. Now as I awaited the rise of the curtain, I recalled the beauty of that evening, the tremendous excitement at the conclusion of the first act of the orgiastic dance by the pagan Pilgrims, the final scene in the Hope Baptist Church in which Satan was vanquished and the lost lamb welcomed back into the fold in a burst of marvelous spirituals. But these ten years have been unusually full and long; we are all changed, we are in the midst of a war, and—well, the play's conflict no longer had validity for me, the dancing had a spectacular instead of an emotional quality, and the singing of Hall Johnson's justly famous choristers, as color-rich and moving as ever, no longer seemed significantly integrated into the dramatic web. This is not to say that the spirituals would have been as stirring on a concert stage, for undoubtedly they gain enormously when heard and *seen* in a simulation of their natural setting. Also and without question, the action of the play does help to deepen their meaning. But it is definitely not the play that is the thing; it is the singing.

The Baptist pastor's son, Jim, is the center of contention between Good as represented by the Baptist Church and personified by his wife, Ella; and Evil as represented by Tongola's Pilgrims and embodied in the seductive, sinuous Sulamai. In the end, Jim is prayed and sung back into line and Sulamai is slain by the supernatural wrath of Tongola, who felt his power threatened by her.

Curiously, I felt little or no concern for Jim's state of agonized indecision. It was Sulamai who moved me, however briefly. For putting aside her early posturings and wiggles, she seemed, like all her people, poignantly in search of a world which would accept her without reservations and permit her to live in both happiness and dignity.

Erna Mae Harris makes Sulamai

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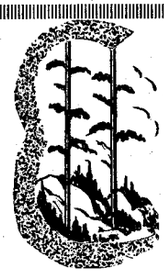

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believably twisted and passionately alive. Caleb Peterson acts the bewildered Jim with simple sincerity. Except for occasional regrettable lapses into a vaudeville conception of Negro gestures and movements, and one rather strange reference to the existence of a superior race, the production is devoid of the chauvinistic touches which characterize such an all-Negro play as *Porgy and Bess*.

But the action of the play is only a thread for the singing, though the singing is enough for any one's time. Hall Johnson's original music in the Pilgrim scene is properly ritualistic. But his arrangements of the old spirituals and his own title song, *Run Little Chillun*, furiously sung by Charles Hopkins, are charged with feeling and drama and swiftly changing patterns of color and of pace. In themselves, they make for a stirring experience. But perhaps you may find for yourself some of the over-all beauty which I genuine felt so very long ago.

HARRY TAYLOR.

FILMS

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Consider the blundering stupidities, yes, the criminality of the case. *Report from the Aleutians* is far and away a first-rate filmic achievement. Superb from a photographic point of view—we'd say miraculous in light of the atmospheric conditions that prevail in the Alaskas. Its insight into American fighting youth is unexcelled by any previous effort for understanding, for genuine affection, unmarred by a single trace of the tear-stained "come-unto-me-all-ye-heavily-laden" condescension that proves so disgusting in, let us say, Saroyan's *Human Comedy*. But, to repeat, how

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many of us will get a chance to see the film?

Here are the facts. *Report from the Aleutians* was completed about five months ago. For four of these five months the film stayed on the shelf, while a battle ensued between the US Army and certain elements in the Office of War Information who were self-appointedly appeasing the business-as-usual crowd in the film industry. The latter claimed that the film in its full-length form—forty-seven minutes—would not prove popular with exhibitors. They held that a two-reel version—twenty minutes—might be tolerated. The Army, on the other hand, correctly maintained that no two-reeler could possibly do justice to America's effort in one of the least publicized and most trying sectors of the world fighting front. Furthermore, Army men pointed out that the industry showed no reluctance when it came to distributing Hal Roach "streamliners" running fifty minutes, a considerable number of which were devoted to dubious humor at the expense of the armed forces. The inconsistency evidently was too much to swallow. The Army won out and the full-length version was accepted. But the story doesn't end there.

The film finally opened at the Rialto Theater on July 30 as second feature to *Bomber's Moon* (the less said about that the better). Not a single publicity photograph, only two or three paltry releases at most, preceded the opening. After the Rialto run a week or so went by and *Report from the Aleutians* played the Brooklyn Strand in support of *Follies Girl*, a $50,000 Producers Release Corp. effort—said outfit chiefly devoted to inexpensive gee-gee cantatas. After the Strand showing (August 18-25) about a month must elapse ("clearance" is the official term) before *Report From the Aleutians* opens in the RKO circuit. It will accompany *Petticoat Larceny*.

The knife was in. But someone had to give a final twist. The RKO playing dates are Tuesday and Wednesday (September 14-15), the worst audience days of the week. The film is booked into only nine of the forty-five RKO houses. If this is the situation in New York City where *Report From the Aleutians* received the unanimous plaudits of the press, what a supreme kicking around it will get out of town. The story is hard to believe, but these are the facts.

This is an audience job and no doubt of it. Booking of *Report From the Aleutians* is still open. The print is distributed free of charge by the War Activities Committee through RKO in New York and other major exchanges in key cities out of town. Approach your theater managers, RKO and neighborhood houses, and ask for America's finest war documentary to date.

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But until that happy day . . . when our official agencies have learned the true nature of the enemy within, its aims and methods and ultimate objectives . . . those of us who cherish the true democratic ideal and seek to preserve for America its traditions and aspirations, have but one honorable task: To Fight. To fight the insidious menace which yesterday flaunted the swastika in Bund parades and Bund camps, but today bears a respectable "Made in America" tag. Not foreign fascism, but the American home-made, home-bred specie: that is the psychological enemy within which drapes itself in the folds of our Flag and the Constitution, using sugary slogans precisely as used by Hitler, Mussolini and Major Vidkun Quisling. With our quisling enemies at home there ought to be no compromise but the battle cry: "Unconditional Surrender!"

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